

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## RECENT WORKS ON THE BUILDINGS OF ROME.<sup>1</sup>

Of all the various forms of homage which the world has paid to the city which was once deemed to be its mistress, none is really more speaking than the countless multitudes of books of which Rome has been the subject. If we say that works on Roman topography have been growing for the conventional term of a thousand years, we are some centuries within the mark. We might almost venture to add another half millennium of formal and distinct descriptions of Rome, as distinguished from notices in the works of historians, poets, and professed geographers. Modern scholars still edit and comment on the topographical writings of the fourth and fifth centuries, which describe Rome as it stood when the line of the Western Caesars, reigning in Italy at least if not in Rome, was still unbroken.<sup>2</sup> And

the series goes on, through the middle ages, through the Renaissance, till we reach those great works of modern German research which have worked out every detail, both of the surviving remains and of the lost buildings, of the Eternal City. We can still track out our way round the walls of Rome by the guidance of the anonymous pilgrim from Einsiedlen in the eighth century.<sup>1</sup> We pause not unwillingly in the history of the First Crusade, when the monk of Malmesbury stops his narrative to describe the topography of Rome, to tell us how the Romans, once the lords of the world, were now the lowest of mankind, who did nothing but sell all that was righteous and sacred for gold.<sup>2</sup> The chain never breaks; we have pictures of Rome in every age; but unluckily the picture drawn in each age

<sup>1</sup> 1. "Die Ruinen Roms und der Campagna." Von Dr. Franz Reber. Leipzig, 1863.

2. "Rome and the Campagna, an Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of Ancient Rome." By Robert Burn, M.A. Cambridge and London, 1871.

3. "Rome." By Francis Wey, with an Introduction by W. W. Story. London, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Regionen der Stadt Rom." Von L. Preller. Jena, 1846.

"Codex Urbis Romæ Topographicus." Edidit Carolus Ludovicus Ulrichs. Wirceburgi, 1871.

"Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum." Von H. Jordan. Zweiter Band. Berlin, 1871.

The first volume of this last work has not No. 176.—VOL. XXX.

yet appeared. Among the three the student will find several recensions of the text and abundant commentaries on the early and mediæval topographers of Rome.

<sup>1</sup> The Itinerarium Einsiedlense is printed by Ulrichs, p. 58, and the latter part by Jordan, p. 646. The former text is specially valuable, as it contains the inscriptions, many of them now lost or defaced, which were copied by the pilgrim.

<sup>2</sup> William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Regum* iv. 351.) thus begins his account of Rome: "De Roma, quæ quondam domina orbis terrarum, nunc ad comparationem antiquitatis videtur oppidum exiguum, et de Romanis, olim rerum dominis genteque togata, qui nunc sunt hominum inertissimi, auro trutinantes justitiam, pretio venditantes canonum regulam."

sets before us less than the picture drawn in the age just before it. Archbishop Hildebert of Tours, whose verses William of Malmesbury copies, sang of Rome, when the marks of the sack of Robert Wiscard were still fresh upon her, as a city already ruined.<sup>1</sup> But the worst ruin had not come in his day. We may forgive the Norman and the Saracen; we may forgive the contending Roman barons; but we cannot forgive the havoc wrought by Popes and Popes nephews in the boasted days of the Renaissance. When we look at what they have done, we may be thankful that there are still some things, heathen and Christian, which have lived through four ages of relentless destruction and disfigurement. For Rome as the monumental city, as the museum of art and history, the evil day was, not when the Goth or the Vandal or the Norman entered her gates, but when Popes came back from their place of happy banishment to destroy their city piecemeal. We may rejoice that their day is over. New causes of destruction may arise, as the capital of new-born Italy spreads itself once more over hills which have become almost as desolate as they were when the first settlers raised their huts on the Palatine. As new streets arise, there is danger that many relics of old Rome, many ruined fragments, many foundations which have to be looked for beneath the earth, may be swept away or hopelessly hidden. But the main source of evil is dried up; there is no fear of columns being pounded into lime, no fear of perfect or nearly perfect buildings being used as quarries; perhaps even there is less danger of that subtler form of destruction which clokes itself under the garb of restoration. All has become, if not wholly safe, at least safer than it was, now that the power which so long

boasted itself that it could do mischief is happily banished beyond the bounds of the ancient Rome, shut up in a modern palace in a suburb which formed no part of the city either of Servius or of Aurelian.

Of the general antiquities of Rome, of its early topography and early history, and of the light which modern researches have thrown upon them, I do not mean to speak here at any length. The history of Rome is indeed written in her monuments, and new pages of that history, above all in its earliest chapters, are almost daily brought to light. We can now see many things in a new light through the great works of digging which are still going on in various parts of the city, above all on the spot which was the cradle of Rome and on the spot which was the centre of her full-grown life, on the Palatine Hill and in the Roman Forum. But the pages of history which are thus brought to light are pages which need the greatest caution in reading. They are oracles which tell their own tale, but which tell it only to inquirers who draw near in the spirit of sound criticism, not in that of blind belief or hasty conjecture. Of all the works of men's hands in the Eternal City, two classes speak to the mind with a deeper interest than any others. The first are the small remains of primitive times, the still-abiding relics of the days when the Ramnes of the Palatine and the Titienses of the Capitol lived each on their separate hills, as distinct and hostile tribes. These relics speak of the first birth of Rome; next to them, almost beyond them from the point of view of universal history, come, in deep and enthralling interest, the memorials of Rome's second birth, of the day when with a new faith she put on a new life. Between these two periods of birth and of revival, the time of mere dominion, the time of the Republic and of the earlier Empire, has but a secondary charm. Its proudest monuments yield in interest, as historical memorials, alike to the foundations of the primæval *Roma Quadrata* and

<sup>1</sup> The verses of Hildebert begin thus:

"Par tibi Roma nihil, cum sis prope tota  
ruina;  
Quam magni fueris integra, fracta doces."

Presently after we read:

"Non tamen aut fieri par stanti machina muro,  
Aut restaurari sola ruina potest."

to the churches reared in all the zeal of newly-won victory out of the spoils of the temples of decaying heathendom. The purely artistic student naturally looks on them with other eyes. The stones of the primitive fortress can hardly claim the name of works of art at all. And the basilicas, built with columns brought from other buildings, columns often of unequal proportions, and crowned with capitals of different orders, are apt to be looked on simply as signs of the depth of degradation into which art had fallen. Of these two propositions the truth of the former cannot be denied; the latter is true or false according to the way in which the history of art is looked at. The fortresses of primæval days, from which, if we only read them aright, we may learn such precious lessons of primæval history, are hardly to be called works of architecture; they are simply works of construction. They are simply the putting together of stones, sometimes in a ruder, sometimes in a more workmanlike fashion, to serve a practical need. There is no system of decoration, no ornament of any kind, upon them. Indeed among the scanty remains which we have of primæval work at Rome we could not look for any system of decoration. There is not so much as a gateway of the primæval fortress left to us, and in no age should we ask for much of architectural detail in the mouth of a sewer or in the roof of an underground well-house.<sup>1</sup> Had Rome never risen higher than the other cities of Latium, she might have been as rich in remains of these early times as some of the other cities of Latium still are. Still in the early remains of Rome, scanty as they are, in these abiding relics of a time when

the names and deeds of men are still legendary, we can see clear signs of two stages in the art of construction. We can see a stage when the greatest of all constructive inventions was still unknown, and another stage when it was already familiar. We can see in Rome, as in Latium, in Greece, in Ireland, and in Central America, works of the time when men were still striving after the great invention of the arch. We can see works which are clearly due to a stage when men were still trying various experiments, when they were making various attempts to bring stones so as to overlap and support one another, but when the perfect arch, with its stones poised in mid-air by a law of mutual mechanical support, had not yet rewarded the efforts of those who were feeling their way towards it. The roof of the Tullianum is no true vault, any more than the roof of New Grange or of the Treasury at Mykênê. In some of the passages connected with it the roof has real mutually supporting *voussoirs*; but the shape of the *voussoirs* is still polygonal; the most perfect form of the arch had not yet been lighted on. In the Cloaca Maxima we find the round arch in its simplest form, but in a form perfect as regards its construction. This great invention, which was independently made over and over again in times and places far apart from one another, was also made at Rome, or at all events somewhere in Central Italy. The round arch, the great invention of Roman art, the very embodiment of Roman strength and massiveness, the constructive expression of the boundaries which were never to yield, of the dominion which was never to pass away, came into being in a work characteristically Roman. The beginning of Roman architecture is to be found, not in a palace or in a temple, but in those vast drains which were said to form an underground city, rivalling in extent the city which they bore aloft. What Rome began in her sewers, she carried out in her gateways, in her aqueducts, in her baths and her amphitheatres. Other nations invented the round

<sup>1</sup> All scholars seem now agreed that the lower story of the building which bears the name—mediæval only, but still perhaps traditional—of the Mamertine Prison, was at first simply a well-house or *tullianum*, and that, when it was afterwards used as a prison, the true meaning of its name was forgotten, and it was connected with the legendary King Servius Tullius.

arch as well as Rome; in Rome alone it found an abiding home. It was only in Rome, and in the lands which learned their arts from Rome, that it became the great constructive feature, used on a scale which, whatever we say of the Roman architects, stamps the Roman builders as the greatest that the world ever saw. But it was not till, in common belief, the might, the glory, and the art of Rome had passed away, that Rome, working in her own style, in the use of her own great constructive invention, learned to produce, not only mighty works of building, but consistent works of architecture.

In this way the two turning points in the history of Rome, her birth and her new birth, the days of her native infancy and the days when she rose to a new life at the hands of her Christian teachers and her Teutonic conquerors, are brought into the closest connexion with one another. From the point of view of the unity of history, the course of the architecture of Rome strikingly answers to the course of the literature of Rome.<sup>1</sup> Her architecture and her literature alike are, during the time of Rome's greatest outward glory, during the ages which purists mark out by the invidious name "classical," almost wholly of an imitative kind. As men followed Greek models in literature and clothed Roman words and thoughts in the borrowed metres of Greece, so men followed Greek models in art also. They clothed a Roman body in a Greek dress, and masked the true Roman construction under a borrowed system of Greek ornamental detail. In both cases the true national life was simply overshadowed; it was never wholly trampled out. While philosophy and rhetoric, epic and lyric poetry, were almost wholly imitative, law and satire and, to some extent, history remained national. So too in architecture. If we stand in the Forum and admire the exotic grace of the columns of the temples of Vespasian and of the Great Twin Brethren, the

eye rests also on the gigantic vaults of the Basilica of Constantine. We may even catch a distinct glimpse of the huge arcaded mass of the Flavian Amphitheatre, nor do we wholly turn away from the arch of Severus and the small fragments of the disfigured arcades of the Tabularium. All these are Roman works; Greek decorative elements are to be traced in all of them; but what stands out in all its boldness, in all its dignity, is the true native art of Rome. That is the art which used the round arch as its constructive feature, and which could therefore bridge over and bind together distant spaces which were altogether beyond the reach of the Greek system of the column and entablature. When we see the Roman system of construction carried out on the mightiest scale, when, in such a pile as Caracallas Baths, we see Roman art preparing itself to influence the world as purely Greek art never could do, it is not amiss to remember that at the same moment men like Ulpian and Paulus were building up that great fabric of purely Roman Law which was in the like sort to influence the world, to be the source of the jurisprudence of modern Europe, and to win for Rome a wider dominion than was ever won for her by the arms of Julius and Trajan. At last the two great elements of revolution drew nigh. New nations were knocking at the gates of Rome, asking, not to wipe out her name or to destroy her power, but rather to be themselves admitted to bear the one and to wield the other. A new creed, born in one of her distant provinces, was making its way, in the teeth of all opposition, to become the creed of the Roman Empire and of all lands which bowed to Roman rule, whether as subjects or as disciples. Diocletian might be the persecutor of the Church and Constantine might be her nursing-father; but both alike were men of the same period; each had a share in the same work. Each alike marks a stage in the change by which the chief magistrate of the Roman Commonwealth grew, first into the despotic sovereign girt with the trappings of

<sup>1</sup> I am here assuming a good deal of what I said in my Rede Lecture on the Unity of History.



eastern royalty, and then into the foreign King who came to be anointed as Cæsar and Augustus with the rites of a creed of which the first bearers of those names had never heard. Under the line of Emperors from Diocletian to Theodosius the real influence of Rome was not ending, but beginning. And it was in these days too that the architecture of Rome fittingly cast off its great fetters, and stood forth in a form which was to be the root of the later architecture of all Europe. The construction which first showed itself in the Great Sewer, at last won for itself a consistent form of decoration in the palace of Diocletian and in the churches of Constantine.

The history of Roman architecture, as a whole, is still to be written, because the history of Rome itself, as a whole, is still to be written. Writers who deal with the architecture of Rome, or with anything else that belongs to Rome, from any of those special points of view which are implied in the words "classical," "medieval," and "modern," are often doing admirable service within their own special range, but they are not grappling with the subject as a whole. I have now to speak only of the buildings of Rome, and not of any of the other aspects of Roman history; but the same law applies to all. I have put at the head of this article the names of three books published within the last twelve years, of which the first two are of a very different character from the third. The volumes of Professor Reber and Mr. Burn are of the utmost value to the student of Roman topography and history in every way that has to do with the buildings of classical and pagan Rome. But there they stop. Alongside of sound and scholar-like books like these one would hardly have ventured to mention a book like that of M. Wey, which does not aspire to anything higher than pleasant gossiping talk, save for one thing only. M. Wey, in his unsystematic rambles, has in one sense bridged over the gap better than the careful research of the German and the English scholar. He has at

least dealt with Pagan temples and Christian churches in one volume as parts of one subject. In architectural matters, as well as in other matters, we have to fight against the superstition that Rome came to an end in 476. This superstition, as applied to art, naturally demands that a wide line should be drawn between the heathen basilica which Maxentius reared and of which Constantine took the credit, and the Christian basilica which Constantine reared in readiness for the crowning of his Teutonic successor. From my point of view, we can no more draw any wide line in matters of architecture than we can in matters of law or language or religion. The story is one, without a break, almost without a halting place. The former part of the tale is imperfect without the latter; the latter part is unintelligible without the former. Rome invented the round arch at an early stage of her history. She has used it down to our own day in every stage of her history. But it was in that stage of her history which is marked by the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine that she first made the round arch the leading feature of an independent and harmonious style of architecture. This aspect of Roman history, like every other, should be written as one story, and as yet it has not been written as one story. I still long to see the history of the genuine Roman buildings of Rome, from the first strivings after the arch in the roof of the Tullianum to the church of the third Otto and the house of Crescentius, traced out as one single volume of the history of art, the later pages of which must not be unkindly torn away from the earlier.

The many works, chiefly the result of German scholarship, by which the topography and early history of Rome have been so largely illustrated during the last forty years deal of course largely with the buildings of all dates; but their object is hardly to supply a connected history of architecture at Rome. But the minute and splendidly illustrated volume of Professor Reber is specially devoted to the buildings of

the city, and it deals elaborately with their architectural detail. In Mr. Burns book also, the buildings occupy, though not an exclusive, yet a prominent, place, and they are largely illustrated by engravings. And both the German and the English writer give us also an introduction specially devoted to a sketch of the origin and growth of Roman architecture down to the point at which they unfortunately stop. Both books give the result of real research and sound scholarship, but of course the work of Professor Reber, as specially devoted to the buildings, treats their details in a more elaborate and technical way. And, if Professor Reber is a little too believing as to the traditions of early times, it is a fault which does little damage in a work which by its nature is almost wholly concerned with the remains of the historical ages. Our only complaint is that so diligent an inquirer and so clear an expositor did not go on further. It would surely not have been a task unworthy of his powers to have given the same skill with which he has traced out the buildings of earlier times to trace out the first estate of the head church of Rome and Christendom. The same power which can call up the Flavian Amphitheatre in its ancient form might also call up the mighty pile of the old Saint Peters, when the crowning place of the Cæsars had not been swept away for the gratification of papal vanity. The narrow prejudices which once looked on such buildings as these as worthless and barbarous, unworthy of a glance or a thought from the eye or the mind of taste, have surely passed away along with the kindred prejudice which once looked with the same contempt on the wonders of mediæval skill in our own and in other northern lands. The early Christian buildings of Rome and Ravenna are indeed far from lacking their votaries; they have been in many quarters carefully studied and illustrated, and their history has been carefully traced out. What is needed is to put them thoroughly in their true relation with regard to the buildings which went before them and to the buildings which

followed them. The steps by which the arrangements of the earliest churches grew out of the arrangements of pagan buildings have been already often traced out; but it is no less needful to show the steps by which both the system of construction and the architectural detail of the so-called classical period changed into the construction and the detail of what the classical purist is tempted to look on as the barbarous Romanesque. In architecture, as in everything else, the works of the true Middle Age, the time when two worlds stood side by side, is the time which, in the view of universal history, has an interest beyond all other times. But with regard to architecture, just as with regard to other things, it is exactly the period which is least studied and least understood. It is neglected because of that very transitional character which gives it its highest interest. There is a classical school and there is a mediæval school; each studies the works of its own favourite class in the most minute detail; but the intermediate period, the period whose works tie together the works on each side of it into one unbroken series, is looked on by both parties as lying without its range. The classical purist looks on a basilican church as something hopelessly barbarous—something put together out of fragments ruthlessly plundered from buildings of a better age. He sees a sign of degraded taste in the greatest step in advance which architecture ever took since the arch itself was brought to perfection, in that bold stroke of genius by which Diocletian's architect at Spalato first called into being a consistent round-arched style. On the other hand there is, or was a few years back, a school which looked on the old Saint Johns and the old Saint Peters as buildings only half escaped from paganism, and which professed itself grieved to see an Ionic or Corinthian capital placed, even in an architectural treatise, side by side with what it was pleased to call "the sacred details of Christian art." By these "sacred details" were meant the details of the architecture of England, France, and Germany from the

thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Between two such sets of narrow prejudices as these, the buildings of the intermediate time, the time when the true Roman construction was throwing off its incongruous Grecian mask, have, for the most part, fared but badly. A small special school gave itself to their study, but they have been cast aside by the two larger schools on either side of it.

I have more than once, in different ways,<sup>1</sup> tried to set forth the seeming paradox that the architecture of the so-called "classic" days of Rome is really a transition from the Grecian, the pure style of the entablature, to the Romanesque, the fully developed style of the round arch. The case is perfectly plain. The Greek architecture works its main constructive features, the column and the entablature, into its main ornamental features. The Romanesque architecture also works its main constructive features, the round arch and the piers or columns on which it rests, into its main ornamental features. The classical Roman, coming between the two, does not follow this universal law of all good architecture. Sometimes, as in most of the temples, it simply imitates Greek forms; in other buildings it commonly uses the round arch as the principal constructive feature, but masks it, as far as it can, under a system of decoration borrowed from the Greek construction. This inconsistency marks the classical Roman style as an imperfect and transitional style. The difficulty in accepting this doctrine comes from two causes. Till men have learned to take wide views of history as a whole, it is hard for them to believe that the time of the seeming decline of Rome was really the time of her new birth. It is hard for them to believe that the time of Diocletian and Constantine was, in architecture or in anything else, an advance on the time of Augustus or Trajan. And this belief is strength-

ened by the fact that, in the subsidiary arts, in painting, sculpture, and the like, the later time really was a time of decline. But when we once take in the position which the age of Diocletian and Constantine holds in universal history, we shall at once see that it is exactly the age in which great architectural developments were to be looked for. It is certain, as the ornaments of the arch of Constantine prove, that in Constantines day the mere art of sculpture had gone down not a little since the days of Trajan. It is certain also that the bricks of the age of Constantine are not so closely and regularly fitted together as the bricks of the age of Nero. But there is no absurdity in holding that, while the arts of the sculptor and of the bricklayer went down, the art of the architect might go up. If we allow that the chief merit of architecture is consistency, that the constructive and the decorative system should go hand in hand, architecture was certainly advancing, while the subsidiary arts were decaying. Through the whole "classical" period construction and decoration were kept asunder: the construction was Roman; the decoration was Greek. It was only in buildings which needed little or no decoration that the inconsistency is avoided. In an amphitheatre the Greek elements are so secondary that they do not force themselves on the eye; the half columns have sunk into something like the pilasters of a Romanesque building, and the general effect is that of a consistent round-arched style. In some amphitheatres, and in bridges and aqueducts, the Greek ornamental features vanish altogether, and we see the Roman construction standing out in all its grand and simple majesty. Buildings of this kind are the direct parents of the plainer and more massive forms of Romanesque, such as we see in many of the great churches of Germany. But such a style as this is essentially plain, essentially massive, and there are places where buildings are wanted which are at once lighter and more enriched. The beginnings of a light and ornamental round-arched style showed themselves when the arch

<sup>1</sup> I would refer to an article on the Origin and Growth of Romanesque Architecture in the "Fortnightly Review," for October 1872. I am here applying the principles laid down then to the particular buildings of Rome.

was first allowed to spring directly from the capital of the column. We now have for the first time a pure and consistent round-arched style, better suited for the inside of a church or hall or other large building than the massive arches of the amphitheatre and the aqueduct. And when the column and arch were once established as the main constructive features, they naturally supplied a new system of decoration. As arched buildings had once been inconsistently decorated with ornamental columns and entablatures, they could now be consistently decorated with ornamental arcades. We see the beginning of this system as early as the church of Saint Apollinaris at Classis; and from thence, diverging at one time into the wilder and ruder forms of Lorsch and Earls Barton, it grows into the endless decorative arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and into the more moderate use of the same kind of enrichment in the Romanesque of Normandy and England. Thus it was that Romanesque grew up. Change the form of the arch, devise a system of mouldings and other ornaments which suit the new form of arch, and Romanesque changes into Gothic. The hall of Spalato is thus the true beginning of every later form of good and consistent architecture. It is the immediate parent of Durham and Pisa; it is the more distant parent of Westminster and Amiens.

On the whole, the course of the earlier stages of this long history can be nowhere so well studied as in Rome. Ravenna has its own charm and its own lesson. It has a perfectly unique collection of buildings of an age of which there are few buildings elsewhere. In the later forms of Romanesque Rome is far less rich than Pisa and Lucca, or than Milan and Pavia; and of Gothic, even of Italian Gothic, there is at Rome all but an absolute lack. But nowhere else can we find the same store of pagan and early Christian buildings standing side by side. Nowhere therefore can we so well trace out the steps by which the inconsistent classical Roman style was improved into the consistent Romanesque. We start from

the very beginning. We have seen in Rome the invention—one of the many independent inventions—of the arch itself. But, as far as we can see, Rome failed to make the most of her own invention. If we had any perfect buildings of the time of the Kings and of the early Republic, we should be better able to follow out our subject. But, as far as we can see, the charm of Greek art, the exquisite loveliness of Greek forms, cut short all native effort in this as in other ways. Rome, in her most brilliant days, failed to form a native architecture, just as she failed to form a native literature. We gaze with admiration on the exquisite examples which Rome has to show of the transplanted art of Greece; we call up before our eyes the full splendour of the vast expanse of colonnades, the ranges of temples and palaces and basilicas, which covered the hills and valleys of Rome. Imagination fails as it strives to conceive the spreading forest of marble which gathered round the soaring column from which the sculptured form of Trajan looked down on his own mighty works. And yet, if we could see them in their splendour, an eye accustomed to other forms of art might perhaps grow weary of the endless repetition of one idea. We might feel that we had had more than enough of the stiff forms of the Grecian portico; we might weary of horizontal lines, of flat roofs, however rich with bronze or gilding. We might long to see the unvaried outline broken by the spreading cupolas of Byzantium, by the tall campaniles of mediæval Italy, or by the heaven-piercing spires of Germany and England. We might feel too that, after all, the splendours of Rome were not Roman, that the conqueror had simply decked himself out in the borrowed plumes of conquered Hellas. In such a mood, we might turn away from the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, from the vast Julian Basilica at its foot, to those works in which somewhat of a Roman spirit showed itself beneath the mask and varnish of the foreign system of ornament. A plain arch of brick, even if put together with the utmost

skill of the days of Nero, is in itself a far less beautiful object than a fluted column crowned by a Corinthian capital. But on the soil of Rome the arch of brick is native, and the Corinthian capital is foreign. A day was to come when the foreign form of beauty was to be pressed into the service of the native form of construction; but that day was still far distant. The two forms still stood side by side, either standing wholly apart or else welded into one whole by a process of union much like that which was delighted in by the mythical Etruscan tyrant.<sup>1</sup> We might mark, as we still mark, with more of wonder than of pleasure, the attempt of Agrippa to tie on a would-be Grecian portico to a truly Roman body. And when we see that the classic architect knew no better way of lighting so great and splendid a pile than by making a hole in the top which left its pavement to be drenched by every passing shower, we might turn to the ranges of windows in some despised early Christian church, and think that, in one respect at least, the builders of the days of Constantine and Theodosius had made some improvements on the arts of the days of Augustus. From such an incongruous union of two utterly distinct principles of building we might turn with satisfaction to those buildings where the real Roman spirit prevails, more truly Roman sometimes in their decay, when the Greek casing has been picked away from them, than they could ever have been in the days of their perfection. The Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Basilica of Maxentius or of Constantine, as they now stand ruined, show only their Ro-

man features. They amaze us by the display of the constructive powers of the arch on the very grandest scale. In the days of their glory, features of Greek decoration, beautiful no doubt in themselves, but out of place as the mask of such a noble reality, must have marred the vast and simple majesty of the true Roman building. As it is, we see in them links in a chain which takes in the Cloaca Maxima at one end and the naves of Mainz and Speyer at the other; when they were perfect, their exotic features might have made them as inharmonious as the Pantheon. We can admire the theatre of Marcellus, we can almost forgive the purpose of the Flavian Amphitheatre, when we see how completely the Roman element has triumphed over the Greek. So, in one feature especially Roman, one for which the habits and the arts of other nations could supply no parallel, in the triumphal arches, we see the native Roman forms stand forth as the leading feature of the structure, while the Greek features, the columns added simply for ornament, gradually lose their importance. In the arches of Severus and Constantine the columns have lost much of the importance which they have in the arches of Drusus and Titus. But the most consistent work of the kind is really the despised arch of Gallienus, where the round arch boldly spans the way, and where the Greek element has shrunk up into a shallow pilaster which has almost to be looked for. We are told that the Janus Quadrifrons was once adorned with detached columns; but they are gone and we do not miss them. The old Latin deity might be well satisfied with the four bold arches and the vault which were the creation of his own land; he needed not the further enrichment of features borrowed from the temples of the deities of another mythology. In all these examples, and in many more—wherever, in short, use came first and decoration second—the Roman forms hold an undoubted supremacy, and sometimes they have banished the foreign element altogether. But it was a higher achievement to lay hold on

<sup>1</sup> I need hardly quote the description of the Virgilian Mæcæntius:

"Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis."

Certainly nothing can be more truly living than the grand conception of the really Roman part of the Pantheon, while the Greek portico had become something very nearly dead, with the unfluted columns, the disproportionate pediment, and the frieze where—undoubtedly very much for the convenience of historians—the name of a living man took the place once allotted to the sculptured forms of gods and heroes.



the noblest feature of the foreign style, to press it into the service of the native construction, to teach the columns of Greece to bear the arches of Rome. What the entablature was in the Greek system the arch was in the Roman, and no greater step in the history of art was ever taken than when it was found that the columns which had given so much grace and beauty to the one construction could be made to give equal grace and beauty to the other. At the bidding of Diocletian consistent round-arched architecture first showed itself. The restorer and organizer of the Empire might fittingly be also the restorer and organizer of the building art. The Emperor who handed on the legacy of Rome to so many ages might well be also the creator of a type of building which contained in itself the germ of every good and consistent building which was to follow it.

It is at this point that our guides fail us, that they hand us over to other guides, and that they leave us to bridge the chasm which yawns between them for ourselves. Chasm in truth there is none; all is true and genuine growth, step by step, though the battle was long and hard, longer and harder in Rome itself than it was elsewhere. At Ravenna the triumph of the arched system, with the arches resting on columns, seems to have been complete from the moment that the city became an Imperial dwelling-place. Nowhere in the buildings of Placidia or Theodoric do we see the columns still supporting the entablature. Nowhere at Ravenna are the horizontal lines of the outside of the Grecian temple transferred to the inside of the Christian church. But the triumph of the new style was perhaps less thorough because it was so speedy. Nowhere at Ravenna does the arch rest, as it does at Spalato, at once on the abacus of the column. An intermediate member, which is not without its constructive use, but which is artistically a survival, though no more than a survival, of the broken entablature, is thrust in between them.<sup>1</sup> At Rome, on the other hand,

the two modes of construction went on side by side, and the entablature remained in occasional use to divide the nave and aisles of Roman churches, after the northern architects had exchanged the round arch itself for the more aspiring pointed forms. Of the three greatest churches of Rome, the first in rank, the church of Saint John Lateran, the true metropolitan church of Rome, the Mother Church of the City and of the World, used the arch in all its perfection in that long range of columns which papal barbarism has so diligently laboured to destroy. But in the Liberian Basilica on the Esquiline the entablature—save again where triple-crowned destroyers have cut through its long unbroken line—reigns as supreme as the arch does in the Lateran. In the Vatican Basilica both forms were used; but the entablature had the precedence. It was used in the main rows of columns which divided the nave from the main aisles, while the arcade was used only to divide the main aisles from the secondary aisles beyond them. It was between the long horizontal lines of the elder form of art, lines suggesting the days of Augustus rather than the days of Diocletian, that Charles and Henry and Frederick marched to receive the crown which Diocletian rather than Augustus had bequeathed to them. And, as if to make the balance equal, the church of the brother Apostle, standing beyond the walls of Leo no less than beyond the walls of Servius and Aurelian, the great basilica of Saint Paul, modern as it is in its actual fabric, preserves, better than any other, the form of a great church with arches resting on the columns, the memory in short of what the patriarchal church itself once was. In the lesser churches the arched form is by far the most common, but the entablature keeps possession of a minority which is by no means contemptible. And at last it appears again, by a kind of dying effort, in the work of Honorius the Fourth

in Egyptian architecture. In the Saracenic styles it became a great feature with both round and pointed arches.

<sup>1</sup> The Ravenna *stilt* may be compared with the stilt between the column and the entabla-

in the basilica of Saint Lawrence, a work distant only by a few years from the last finish of Pisa, from the first beginnings of Salisbury. That the struggle at Rome should have been thus long and hard is in no way wonderful. Of the pagan buildings of Ravenna nothing remains but a few inscribed stones and such like, and the columns which are used up again in the churches. Not a single temple or other building is standing, even in ruins. They most likely perished early. The position of Ravenna was more like that of the New Rome than that of the Old. The city sprang at once, in Christian times, from the rank of a naval station to that of an abode of Emperors. But at Rome, where the stores of earlier buildings were so endless, where paganism held its ground so long, and where so many of the pagan temples were spared till a very late time, the older mode of building was not likely to be forsaken all at once. The churches had either been basilicas or were built after the model of the basilicas. And in the basilicas, the rows of columns which divided the building, the beginning of nave and aisles, certainly supported, down at least to the days of Diocletian and Constantine, not arches, but a straight entablature. Saint Mary on the Esquiline therefore, in its long horizontal lines, simply clave to the existing fashion; the arches of Saint John Lateran and of Saint Paul were an innovation which had to fight its way against received practice.

But the transition may be traced, not only in the construction and arrangement of buildings, but in their ornamental details. Classical purism allows of only a very few forms of capital. There are the three Greek orders in their pure state, and at Rome it would be hard to shut out their Roman modifications. The peculiar Roman or Composite capital, the union of Ionic and Corinthian forms, may perhaps be admitted by straining a point. But there toleration ends. Yet one may surely say that, though the Greek forms are among the loveliest creations of human skill, yet, if men are confined in this

way to three or four models, they are sure to weary of their sameness. The Corinthian capital is as beautiful an arrangement of foliage as can be devised; but it is hard to be forbidden either to attempt other arrangements of foliage or to seek for ornament in other forms besides foliage. The later Roman builders clearly thought so; they brought in various varieties, which it is easy to call corruptions, but which it is just as easy to call developements. Among the vast stores of capitals which are to be found among the buildings of Rome, there are many which, though they follow the general type of the Ionic or the Corinthian order, do not rigidly follow the types of those orders which are laid down by technical rules. Professor Reber has given some examples of this departure from rigid technical exactness even in the Colosseum itself. The forms used in the Colosseum are certainly not improvements; the point is that there should be varieties of any kind. But I must speak in a different tone of certain capitals, to my mind of singular splendour and singular interest, which lie neglected among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The artist has been so far from confining himself to one prescribed pattern, either of volute or of acanthus-leaves, that he has ventured to employ vigorously carved human or divine figures as parts of the enrichment of his capitals. And among the stores of fragments which lie in the lower gallery of the Tabularium, there are a number of capitals which go even further, capitals of which the volute is formed by the introduction of various animal figures. If it be true that the volute took its origin from a ram's horn, such a change is something like going back again to the beginning. In these capitals, some at least of which, if not "classical," are certainly pagan, we get the beginning of that lavish employment of animal figures in Romanesque capitals of which we have many examples in England and Normandy, but the best forms of which are certainly to be found in some of the German and Italian buildings. At Wetzlar and at

Gelnhausen, at Milan, Monza, and Pavia, we may see how ingeniously the volute can be made out of various arrangements of the heads of men, lions, bulls, and the primitive ram himself, and how, in the noblest type of all, it is formed by the bird of Cæsar bowing his head and folding his wings, as if in the presence of his master. Such forms as these may be grotesque, fanciful, barbarous, according to technical rules; I venture to see in them perfectly lawful efforts of artistic and inventive skill. And at any rate, here we have the beginning of them, in Roman buildings early in the third century. And there is another building which I have always looked on with especial interest, the small range of columns, the remains of the Temple of the Dii Consentes, immediately below the *clivus* of the Capitol. Here is a work of pagan reaction, a temple consecrated to the old Gods of Rome after some of the earliest Christian churches were already built. As a monument of the religious and artistic history of Rome, it has the same kind of interest which we feel when we find, ever and anon at home, a church built or adorned after the elder fashion during the reaction under Philip and Mary. This temple was the work of a devout and zealous pagan, Prætextatus the friend of Julian, though it was built, not during the reign of his patron, but in the tolerant days of Valentinian. This building, as a pagan building, as part of the buildings of the Forum, comes within Professor Reber's ken. We have to thank him for illustrating its remarkable capitals, in which we find neither human nor animal forms, but, by an equal departure from the ideal precision of any known order, the place of the figures of Hercules and Bacchus in the capitals of Caracalla is supplied by armour and weapons in the form of a trophy. Both Professor Reber and Mr. Burn note these steps in architectural development. Why do they not go on to notice the next step, when we find capitals of the same anomalous kind used up again in the Laurentian Basilica?

From thence another easy step leads us to the use of the same forms in the churches of Lucca, and one more step leads us to the western portal of Wetzlar and to the Imperial palace at Gelnhausen.

The complaint then which I have to make is that we have excellent works illustrating the pagan antiquities of Rome, and excellent works illustrating the Christian antiquities of Rome, but that we have no book, as far as I know, which clearly and scientifically traces out the connexion between the two, and which sets them forth as being both alike members of one unbroken series. In M. Wey's book I can at least turn from a picture of the Temple of Saturn to a picture of the church of Saint Clement, even though either may be picturesquely mixed up with a picture of a peasant or a buffalo. Professor Reber and Mr. Burn give me all that I can want up to a certain point; only then they stop, without any reason that I can see for stopping.

I have two more remarks to make on the connexion between the Pagan and the early Christian buildings of Rome. The exclusive votaries of classical antiquity sometimes raise a not unnatural outcry at the barbarism of Popes, Emperors, and Exarchs—the memory of Theodoric forbids us to add Kings—in building their churches out of the spoils of older buildings. But what were they to do? They naturally looked on the question in a wholly different way from that in which it is natural for us to look at it. They had no antiquarian feeling about the matter; such feelings at least were far stronger in the breast of the Goth than they were in the breast of the Roman. The feeling of a Bishop or of a zealous Emperor or magistrate would rather be that with which Jehu or Josiah brake down the house of Baal. The temples were standing useless; churches were needed for the worship of the new faith; the arrangements of the temples seldom allowed of their being turned into churches as they stood, while they supplied an endless store of columns which could be easily carried off and

set up again in a new building. The act cannot fairly be blamed; in a wider view of history and art it can hardly be regretted.

Besides this objection from outside, which may make some minds turn away from the study of the early Christian buildings at Rome, there is another remark, an admission it may be called, to be made from within. There can be no doubt that the form which was chosen for the early churches, though it fostered art in many ways, checked it, in the West at least, in one way. The arch is the parent of the vault; the vault is the parent of the cupola; and to have brought these three forms to perfection is the glory of Roman art. But for some ages the continuity of Roman art in this respect is to be looked for in the New Rome and not in the Old. The type of church which was adopted at Constantinople allowed the highest development of the art of vaulting, and sent it in its perfect form back again into the Western lands where it had first begun. Saint Mark is the child of Saint Sophia, and Saint Front at Perigueux is the child of Saint Mark. But the oblong basilican type of the Roman churches had no place for the cupola, and the one objection to the use of the column as a support for the arch is that it makes it hardly possible to cover the building with a vault. The vault and the dome were therefore used in the West only in the exceptional class of round buildings, and in the apses of the basilican churches. The basilican churches had only wooden roofs, and their naves could be made no wider than was consistent with being covered with a wooden roof. Sometimes, as in the basilica which bears the name of Saint Cross in Jerusalem, where an ancient building of great width has been turned into a church, the single body of the old structure is divided by longitudinal ranges of columns in the new. In short, at the very moment when the arch won its greatest triumph, both of construction and of decoration, architecture, as far as the roof was concerned, fell back on the principle of the entablature. The

practice of vaulting large spaces, such as we see in the Baths of Caracalla and the basilica of Maxentius, went altogether out of use, till a distant approach to the boldness of the old Roman construction came in again in the great German minsters of the twelfth century.

It is the round-arched buildings, and especially the early type of them, which form the main wealth of the Christian architecture of Rome. The later Romanesque gave Rome one boon only, but that was a precious one. Rome now gained, what she had never had either in Pagan or in early Christian times, something to break the monotony of her horizontal lines. The pagan temple was all glorious without; the Christian basilica was all glorious within; but neither of them had anything in its external outline to lead the eye or the mind upward. That lack was supplied by the tall narrow bell-towers which add so much to the picturesqueness of many a view in Rome, and which are the only mediæval works which at all enter into the general artistic aspect of the city. Of the sham Gothic of Italy Rome has happily but little to show. The sprawling arches of Rome's one Gothic church by the Pantheon show that we are on the way to the time of utter destruction. They are the pioneers of the havoc of the Renaissance. Rome was now at last to be truly sacked by the barbarians. We may pass by the ravage wrought on the temples at the foot of the Capitol, on the Colosseum, on the stately columns of Nerva's Forum. One who has followed the line of argument of this article will perhaps rather be inclined to mourn over the destroyed and disfigured churches of the early days of Roman Christianity. Then it was that the fury of the destroyer was let loose on the venerable piles which Constantine had reared and where Theodoric had made his offerings. Pope after Pope had the pleasure of writing up his name, of recording his "munificence," on the holy places which he laid waste. The disfigurement of Saint John Lateran, the destruction of Saint

Peter's, may stand on record as the great exploits of papal rule in Rome. Men enter the modern Vatican Basilica and wonder why the building seems so much smaller than it really is. We may be sure that no man wondered on that score in the ancient building, as no man now wonders in the restored church of Saint Paul. No wonder that the building looks small when three arches have taken the place of twenty-four intercolumniations; the vastness of the parts takes away from the vastness of the whole. In this mood we turn from the boasted glory of the Renaissance to try and call up to our minds the likeness of the nobler pile which has passed away. That dreary and forsaken apse, that front which it needs some faith to believe to be part of a church at all, may pass away from our thoughts. They have sprung up on ground which no part of the old basilica ever covered. We turn from the work of the Borghese to the portal of ancient times, when the one imperial tomb which Rome still holds was not yet thrust down out of sight and out of mind.<sup>1</sup> We enter, and, as the eye hurries along the few yawning arches of the nave, we long for the days when it might have rested step by step along the endless ranges of its columns. And even the majesty of the dome cannot make us forget that on its site once stood the altar, not as now, standing alone and forlorn, with its huge baldacchino further to lessen the effect of size and dignity, but standing in its place, canopied by the apse blazing with mosaics, with the throne of the Patriarch rising in fitting dignity among his presbyters, the throne from which a worthier Leo than the Medicean destroyer came down on the great Christmas feast, first to place the crown of Rome on the head of the Frankish Patrician, and then, as a subject before his sovereign, to adore the majesty of

the Frankish Caesar.<sup>1</sup> We turn from the church of the Emperors to the special church of the Popes, to their own forsaken home on the Lateran, to the patriarchal church, disfigured indeed, but not, like its successful rival, wholly destroyed. We strive to call up the pile as it stood when its columns, its arches, were still untouched, not only before the destroyers of later times had hidden the marble columns beneath dull stuccoed masses of stone, but even before Northern forms which have no true abiding place on Italian soil had thrust themselves into the windows both of its apse and of its clerestory. We picture it as it was when Hildebrand arose from the patriarchal throne of the world, from the throne which his successors have swept away as an useless thing,<sup>2</sup> to declare the King of Germany and Italy deposed from both his kingdoms. We picture it as it was when Urban sat in the midst of his assembled Council, and called Anselm of Canterbury, as himself the Pope of another world, to take his seat beside him in the circle of which the destroyers have left no trace behind.<sup>3</sup> So we might go through all the buildings, great and small, of which any portion has been spared to us. Everywhere there is the same destruction, mutilation, or concealment of the ancient features, the same thrusting in of incongruous modern devices, the

<sup>1</sup> Einhard, 801: "Post quas laudes ab eodem pontifice more antiquorum principum adoratus est."

<sup>2</sup> The fact has been once or twice lately brought into notice that in the cloister of Saint John Lateran, the patriarchal chair of the Bishop of Rome may be seen, cast out among other disused fragments. A paltry altar fills its place in the apse, and the whole ancient arrangement, which may be traced in one or two of the smaller churches of Rome, is utterly destroyed.

<sup>3</sup> Eadmer, Hist. Nov. p. 52, Selden. "Cum vero ad concilium venturum esset, et episcopis qui de Italia et Gallia venerant suas sedes ex consuetudine vendicantibus, nemo existeret qui se vel audissem vel vidissem archiepiscopum Cantuariensem Romano concilio ante hæc interfuisse diceret, vel scire quo tunc in loco sedere deberet, ex præcepto Papæ in corona sedes illi posita est, qui locus non obscuri honoris in tali conventu solet haberi."

<sup>1</sup> The tomb of Otto the Second, which stood in front of the old Saint Peter's, is thrust down into the crypt of the modern church. To be sure several tombs of Popes have shared the same fate.



same fulsome glorification of the doers of the havoc. Still, in the vast extent of the city, enough is left for us to trace out all the leading features of the various forms which were taken by the early Christian buildings, and to connect them with the buildings of the pagan city which form the models out of which they grew by healthy and natural development. The historical associations of these buildings are surely not inferior to those of their pagan predecessors. As marking a stage in the history of art, we must look on them as links in a chain, as the central

members which mark the great turning-point in a series. That series, as we have seen, begins with the arch of the Great Sewer; it goes on, obscured for awhile, but never wholly broken, under the influence of a foreign taste. Through the buildings of Rome and Spalato and Ravenna and Lucca it leads us to the final perfection of round-arched architecture, both in its lighter and more graceful form at Pisa, and in its more massive and majestic variety at Caen and Peterborough and Ely and Durham.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## CASTLE DALY:

## THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE library at Castle Daly, since the Thornley occupancy of the place had taken a more habitable look than when Mr. Daly only used it to yawn away an hour in on a rainy day. The rest of the wide empty house echoed footsteps drearily, and looked dismal; but cheerful sociability and home comfort seemed to have taken up their abode among the heaped-up bookshelves and well-laden writing and work tables with which the brother and sister surrounded themselves.

When the front door had closed behind Miss O'Flaherty, Bride Thornley employed herself in putting the few ordering touches to the room, needed to bring it to the perfection of cosyness her brother loved to see in the evening. She gathered up the scattered leaves of the MS. she had been copying, and laid it ready for a last loving inspection; she arranged the books her brother was most likely to want, on his own particular table; she let down the heavy curtains over the windows, and wheeled two armchairs to their places opposite each other on the hearth-rug; then she sat down and stared at the fire. It was not often she let her thoughts fly back to old times, but to-night they flew back. She and her brother were in the habit of telling each other philosophically that to allow recollections of past sorrows and privations to rise up was a mere waste of mental strength, an infliction of purposeless pain; but to-night the painful images would arise, and she could not conjure them away. People thought her grave and reserved, and old-looking for her years; but had there been a time when she was young? She saw herself a pale, still child, gathering her

younger brothers and sisters around her to hush their play and laughter, because she had discovered by her mother's swollen eyelids, and her father's knitted brow, that something had gone wrong with the elders of the house, and that the sound of mirth jarred on them. She saw herself a thin brown-faced girl without any of the charms of girlhood, thrusting from her all timidity, all yearning after her mother's love and care, that she might go forth and work among strangers. She heard over again the bitter tales of privation, of "carking cares" and shames which that young girl had to hear when she returned for short holidays to her home. She saw herself kneeling by her dying mother's bedside, straining to catch the last feeble injunctions that fell from her parched death-drawn lips—not concerning herself—hardly a farewell to herself. She had been held to be capable of struggling alone in the world for so long, that there was no need for anxiety about her; it was the younger, more loveable ones, that claimed even those last thoughts. A little rosy face—a golden head—lay nestled against the mother's cheek; towards that her dying eyes were turned. "Child, be mother to this child!" And then the tired soul had escaped from the worn-out body, and the burden under which the elder woman had sunk fell on the girl's shoulders. It had been heavy in the long years that had followed. Unbearable she told herself it would have been, but for the help that came, when she discovered that there was one among her young charges able to take part with her in carrying the load; one whose determination to work and struggle, and suffer, rather than sink, matched her own; one from whom a word of counsel could be

obtained now and again; one who could be trusted, in small things and great, not to fail. Bride traced in thought the steps by which she and this young brother had changed positions towards each other, till, from his looking up to her, she had learned to rely and lean upon him. What a rest it had been! What a tower of strength he had proved to be, when the stress of the storm came! And when the worst was over—yes, perhaps there was a time when she had felt young, like other people, with energy to spare, and that strange bubbling up of eager thoughts and bright hopes in the heart that leads to purposeless talk, and pleasure in mere motion and life such as kittens and puppies seem to have. She had known it during that one year when she and John had kept house together in London before death had invaded the brother and sister band. A very straitened household it had been, and the struggle to keep it together hard for the two young heads, but they had all been gay together. Bride thought she could not then have been such a very formal, cold, repulsive person as Miss O'Flaherty seemed to find her now. Perhaps in that far back time, when there had been younger sisters to care for her looks and sew bows on her dresses, and arrange her soft, silky brown hair in becoming fashion round her head, there might—if she had not always been too busy—if she had gone out into the world and made acquaintances as other girls did—there might have been a possibility of her having been loved—of her having had some story of her own, some insight into the great mystery that seemed to fill up so large a space in other people's lives. Strange thought to flash across her, now that youth and the possibility lay so far behind! Well, if no love of the usual kind had come in that one sunny strip of life, that one breathing space between crushing anxieties and heartrending bereavements, something else had come—something that Bride Thornley was well content should stand for her in the place of what is usually called love. It was

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then that she and John had found each other out. Heart and conscience had been proved before, but it was in that leisure that their close mental companionship had begun—then they had first tasted what keen pleasure interchange of thought between minds that stimulate and satisfy each other can give. What talks they used to have in their quiet evenings after days of hard work, when, from the dingy, London lodging-house parlour, their minds took bold flights into realms of speculation and fancy, which seemed their own by divine right, because they were most at home there. What lovely dream-pictures rose up; what sparkles of wit flashed out; how eloquent, how wise, and how brilliant they were for each other!

The first eagerness with which their studies were prosecuted might have faded somewhat, the talks grown less eloquent, with the discovery that mysteries are not to be solved by dint of discussion; but the old comradeship was as close and sweet as ever still, the salt of life to each.

Whatever John Thornley might be to other people, to his sister Bride he was the sunshine and glory, the very fountain of joy of her life. Could she bear ever to lose him, or even to share possession of him with anyone else? Had not his grave face an extra attraction for her, because she thought that to no other eyes but her own would it ever look beautiful?

There did not appear to be any special reason for asking herself that question to-night, but it came and absorbed Bride so completely that she did not observe, as she might otherwise have done, that her brother was absent a long time from the room, or that when he did return, and came and stood by the fire, there was an expression of suppressed excitement on his face, which it had not worn half-an-hour before. It was he who broke the silence at last.

"Bride, I have something to tell you."

She looked up with a start and an exclamation of dismay. "Ah, I knew

there was something—that gun!—Go on, I'm ready."

"No, no. Put such fancies quite out of your head. I have told you really all I know of that matter. This is something far more important. It concerns ourselves entirely."

"Good, or bad?"

"I don't quite know which you will think it."

"Bad, then, if it means change; we have had a fairly happy time lately, and, according to past experience, trouble is due. What quarter can it come from? Whitecliff Bay and Babette, I guess. She has quarrelled with Mrs. Maynard, or perhaps in a fit of desperation over the eternal stocking-darning she has rushed into some silly flirtation, or engaged herself imprudently, and they want you to interfere."

"Quite wrong; what could make you think of such a thing? It's odd how even the sensibiest woman's thoughts always fly off to love-making."

"Indeed, John, it was not quite a vague guess; if you had read Babette's late letters as attentively as I read them, you would have noticed the hints that gave my thoughts that impulse."

"Hints as to growing weariness of stocking-darning or dawning love,—which?"

"I think I detect a combination of both states of feeling."

"Hum; we may have to inquire into that by and bye; but the news of to-night, which I have just read in one of those letters I brought in my pocket from Ballyowen, concerns a very different matter from marriages or giving in marriage. Bride, our grand-uncle, John Maynard, is dead."

"Dead! Well, I suppose he was a great age; where did he die? Had he any friend near him?"

"I don't know about a friend. His lawyer James Clarke was with him. The old man sent for him to Florence when he was taken ill, and he stayed till after the funeral. It is he who writes to me about the will."

"Well, well, John, you know what I want to ask. How is it after all? Has

he died rich or poor? Has he divided his money fairly among all his dutiful, expectant relations excepting our two selves, or has he left it all to a hospital?"

"He has left a very large fortune indeed; much larger than anyone expected I fancy, and he has not divided it. With the exception of a few small legacies, it all goes to one person."

"And the lawyer has written about it to you—to *you*, John?" A vivid colour flashed into Bride's face; she rose from her chair and held out her hands to her brother. He crossed the hearth and took both in a firm clasp.

"No, Bride, that thought must go out of your head at once. I am not the heir. It concerns us nearly though."

"Then it is Lesbia."

"Yes, it is little Lesbia. Old John Maynard has left the bulk of his great fortune to her—the child—our child is a great heiress now; that's the news that has come to-night."

"I can't take it in—baby—our poor little Babette."

"Rich little Babette, you mean. She need never break her heart over a stocking-basket again; as to the incipient love-making, that will have to be looked after perhaps."

"How will she feel about it when she hears—Babette a great heiress! I always thought the old man would reward us for sending her away by remembering her in his will, but that he should pass over so many other relations equally near and single her out to inherit all his fortune is different from what I expected."

"Our mother was his favourite niece till she married. I fancy he always secretly intended to make her children his heirs, and as we cut ourselves off, there was only Lesbia."

"How I should like to be near her and see her face, when she is told. It is seven years since we have seen her. Oh, John, does not this, at all events, end her banishment? Shall we not have her with us now?"

"Of course. This will please you. You and I are left sole guardians. A proof that, however angry the old man

professed to be, he respected our conduct at the bottom. He has left us each a legacy of four thousand pounds, and we are to have four hundred a year for looking after the young lady and her property till she marries."

"A salary for taking care of our own little sister, whom we have provided for since she was five years old! Can we bear that, John?"

"I suppose it soothed the old man at the last to do us so much of justice without altogether revoking his threat. We must take it as he intended it."

"But how about the other relations—the Joseph Maynards?"

"They have a legacy equal to ours."

"And the bulk of the old man's rich hoards goes to Lesbia! How strange it will be to the Joseph Maynards to see her set up on such a pinnacle of prosperity—the little cinder-girl of their house this seven years. I am afraid they will be very angry."

"They won't like it; but they have no more right to grumble than you or I, except that they have been kept longer in suspense. Old John made all his money himself, and had a right to do what he pleased with it."

"If it had pleased him to spend some of it in helping us when we needed help sorely, what grateful hearts he might have had round his death-bed!"

"Let that thought rest now he has gone."

"It shall. I don't suppose, though, that Mrs. Joseph Maynard will be as silent over the wrongs of her precious boys. Lesbia will not have much comfort after the news of her fortune reaches Whitecliff."

"We will send for her as soon as possible."

"How strange it will be to have her again, a girl of seventeen and an heiress, instead of the little clinging thing I used to dress, and coddle and teach, and work my fingers to the bone for! I hope she is not much changed. John, do you remember the night we resolved to separate ourselves from her seven years ago? how my heart ached!"

"Yes, it troubled you more to part

from Lesbia than to give up your chance of inheriting the great Maynard fortune."

"We elder ones had no choice. We could not promise to disown our father, or not to go back to him if he wanted us, and we could not foresee he never would. I think we had only two or three letters from him during the next six months, and then we heard of his death in Canada. The decision could not be recalled then."

"Why, you have never wished to recall it; have you?"

"Not till to-night; to-night I think it does give me pain to remember that, if things had fallen out ever so little differently, this great fortune would have come to you."

"The 'falling out' would have had to be very different for this money to come to you or me as we are now. Think what mean reptiles we should have grown into by this time if we had been depending on that despotic old man all these years. Lesbia has, at all events, got the fortune without having had to serve an apprenticeship of servility to earn it."

"Yes, but if the thought that made my heart beat so quickly just now had proved a correct guess: if he had, as I hoped just then, relented and done you full justice at the last."

"It would have been a bad precedent. It's best to know that, if one makes a choice, one must expect to abide by it, and that one can't turn one's back on an object and reach it by walking the opposite way."

"You would have been in your right place."

"Perhaps; but don't be covetous, madam. I believe that if I had had the money I should have done something with it you would not have greatly approved."

"I can't imagine not approving of what you did."

"I should have bought this house and estate of Mr. Daly—he'll have to sell it sooner or later—and settled down into an Irish landlord."

"To be shot dead from behind a



stone wall three months after. I would not have let you."

"Yes, you would; you as well as I have a spice of the obstinate temper that helped old Uncle John to make his fortune. You don't like any more than I to be baffled in an undertaking you have once put your hands to."

"You have cured me of ever grudging Lesbia her fortune again. As it is, we can hardly keep her here. You will have to give up the agency. Did not you say we had each four thousand pounds? Why that is enormous riches. It sets you free at last to devote your whole time to study and such literary work as you really care for."

"Time will settle all that. What we have to do at once is to write to Babette and the Joseph Maynards. I should like the child to receive the news from us first; if it comes to her through Mrs. Joseph it will be spiced with bitter comments."

"The little thing has not had a brilliantly happy home with our good cousins, I fear. She has been very good to complain so little; and now to think of having her again for our own. She must have grown up very pretty. Do you remember the dimples in her cheeks, John, and her beautiful big brown eyes?"

"I suppose she was a pretty child, but I don't think I liked her eyes as well as I like some other eyes in the family; yours, for example, Bride, always seem to me to have a great deal more in them."

"Mine?" A personal compliment was such a strange thing to Bride Thornley, that coming even from her brother, it brought a vivid flush to her face. "My pale grey things! You don't know what you are talking about, John; you have no appreciation for beauty."

"Yes, I have, but it does not oblige me to like sparkling glass beads stuck in a face. I know quite well what I do admire."

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, that I do, really."

"You are laughing, John."

"At the terror I have put you into

with that word. In one instant of time you conjured up the notion that I was preparing to tell you of some long-concealed attachment, by way of winding up the surprises of the evening. Did not I say truly that your feminine thoughts were always flying off to match-making?"

"It is wise of me to keep myself prepared. It must come some time, and if I never think of it I shall not be ready."

"I don't see what preparation you would need for such a communication if I were ever in a condition to make it."

"Of course you don't, you matter-of-factest man."

"Don't you profess also to be a matter-of-factest woman?"

"Yes, but the gulf there is between man and woman in such a matter as this!"

"The gulf is created simply by your womanly unreasonableness in supposing that the new feeling, if it ever does come, must necessarily be so absorbing as to blot out old ones. It would not with me. Make yourself easy on that score, Bride; I cannot imagine such a thing of myself. If I ever do fall in love, I shall look out for having the same calm, satisfying, equal-minded comradeship with my wife that you and I have had together. I have thought it well over, and that is my highest ideal of human attachment. And that is what I mean to go in for."

"No, you won't. I am not at all pleased to hear you say so. I think it a very bad sign that you have formed the plan."

"I have formed no plan; it is you who are planning. I think we do very well as we are, and that nothing can be more uncalled for than your drilling yourself to expect changes. It would be ridiculous for you and me to talk sentiment to each other; but if you are in no haste to dissolve our old partnership, I am not—it satisfies me."

"John, that is as good as a fortune to me; I am richer now than Babette."

Their manners were habitually so reserved, and it was so seldom that personal feelings were discussed between

them, that Bride felt those few words a possession to be laid by in her memory and often looked at, especially when after a moment's grave silence her brother stooped down and put his lips to her forehead. It seemed to her to be a seal on the old bond of fellowship, given on this day when new conditions were about to enter into their lives.

"Now let us have tea, and write the letters that are to transform Cinderella into the Princess," said John.

"They will only invest her with her silk robes and her chariot and glass slippers," Bride answered. "The Prince is another question, and for my part I hope he will be a long time in coming."

"We must not however take measures to keep him away, or we shall lay ourselves open to the imputation of manoeuvring to keep our own four hundred a year."

"As if anyone in their senses would suspect you of interested motives."

"Heiress-hunters will be very apt to do so if I interfere with their game, I suspect. The child will be a more anxious charge for the future, than when——"

"You lifted her sobbing from the bed where our mother lay dead, John. It shall be very tender care we take, shall it not, of herself, not of her fortune, with as little thwarting as may be of any true feeling that comes? I should not like hers to be a colourless life."

"A colourless life is not by any means the worst fate that can befall a woman. We have witnessed one far more cruel, and our earnest care must be that Lesbia's life shall in no degree repeat that. Our poor mother was an expectant heiress in her youth, you remember, and I heard her say that she owed all her unhappiness to her having had the prospect of these same Maynard hoards hanging so long over her head. Our father would have been a different man but for the thought of them."

"Yes, yes, I know. But we will be the wisest providences over Lesbia. She shall not have a chance of making a mistake in her marriage; but don't let us attempt to forecast her future till our

letters are written, or I am certain we shall not make them encouraging enough. I want the news to come to her sweet and bright."

The spirits of the two guardians rose as they wrote, and Bride was so well satisfied with the letters she sealed and directed at the close of the evening that for the first time since her residence at Castle Daly she ran down to the lodge-gate with the letter-bag to deposit the precious budget in the postman's hands herself, and to administer a not unnecessary admonition to him to make a point of reaching Ballyowen that morning in time to catch the mail. The man of course pulled up his horse to enter into a long and vociferous defence of his own punctuality, and in the vehemence of his gesticulations threw down a bag, which being imperfectly fastened, emptied its contents on to the road. Bride stooped to gather up the letters, and as she returned them to their place could not help seeing that the direction of one was to the same little seaside town in England for which her own letters were destined. She crossed her arms on the upper bar of the gate when at last the carman had been prevailed on to start again, and watched him drive up the steep white road whipping and shouting to his horses with a great display of energy, while the children from the mud cabins on the mountain-side rushed down, and threw themselves full in his way, whooping and huzzaing and waving ragged caps and sticks, till Bride thought it a wonder that car, horse, driver, and letter-bags were not precipitated over the rocky ledge into the dancing waters below. She stayed looking up the road till the car had rounded the summit of the hill, and the last urchin crept back to his mud retreat, her thoughts following the queer-looking messenger, who was bearing on the first stage of its journey the news that was to make such a revolution in one little life. She wished she could somehow conjure herself within the folds of her letter and creep out when it reached its destination at last at the other side of the kingdom, to add some words tenderer

and graver yet than any that had come to her the evening before. Her head bowed itself at last on her clasped hands, and purple mountains and shimmering lake, and shouting children passed out of her vision as her heart rose in yearning prayer to Him whose felt presence with all annihilates distance, giving into His hands the task of delivering from unsafe elation the eager little heart that had to learn that the new strange temptation of a "time of wealth" was coming upon her.

Anne O'Flaherty's thoughts took flight in the same direction many times that day. The letter whose direction Bride had read was hers. She had written it off impulsively on her arrival home the night before, and not allowed herself to re-read it in the morning. It was full of the impression her visit to the Thornleys had made on her. Not mitigating anything of her fears, or scrupling to urge strongly on Mr. Daly the motive for a speedy return to Ireland, which she knew would be most powerful with him, the duty of not allowing another man to run risks for his sake which he was not sharing.

She was anxious and unsettled all the day after her letter went. She did not exactly regret having written it, but the cooler judgment of the morning showed her it was an important step she had taken, and that the reading of her letter would certainly make a change in the lives of those she most cared for. Would they have cause to thank or reproach her for it by and bye? Would Mrs. Daly ever forgive her for bringing her husband back to Ireland just then?

There was however no use in questioning or regretting. Bearers of good news and bad had passed out of their writers' control now, and through the bright sunshine and the dark night, and the dawn of another day, were speeding over the sea, by quiet country roads, through noisy towns and pleasant English villages, to meet the eyes and hands that would never afterwards forget the feel of those particular sheets of paper between their fingers, the position and shape of the words on which their startled glances fell.

## CHAPTER XII.

A SHARP shower was falling, turning the badly-paved streets of the little seaside village of Whitecliff into a succession of gutters and puddles, and driving the early promenaders and the troops of children, mammas, and nursemaids on their way to their morning bath in the sea, to beat hasty retreats into the green verandahed houses that stretched in irregular rows along the cliff. In ten minutes the busy little place looked deserted, and discontented loungers at the windows had nothing to regale their eyes upon but the rain-drops splashing in the gutters and the occasional advent of a dripping umbrella, or a woman with a basket of shrimps on her head. Pelham Daly had been standing for nearly three-quarters of an hour in the window of one of these houses, lazily swinging the tassel of the window-blind backwards and forwards, and contemplating that pleasant prospect in no very contented frame of mind. Ellen had accused him playfully of being always out of humour when it rained, and Connor had made a calculation of how many sulky days he might reckon on having in a year, if he spent his life at Castle Daly, and he had not taken their remarks in very good part. He thought within himself that he had very special reasons for being disgusted at the turn the weather had taken in this last week of his vacation, but he could not make out a very satisfactory account of them to his own mind in the course of his meditations at the window. Of course it was of no consequence whatever to him, whether that picnic to the pirate's cave, planned with the Maynards, came off while he was at Whitecliff or after he had left; he had only consented to join it out of good-nature, and that there might be some one of the party capable of taking reasonable care of Ellen; and yet—and yet—"Yes, certainly," he thought, "it was towards him, and not towards Connor, that a certain pair of brown eyes had glanced when, on parting for the night at the Maynards' garden-gate, the words 'We shall meet to-morrow' had

been spoken softly. The swinging tassel, the square window-frame, the dripping pavement vanished altogether from Pelham's vision for a few minutes while the momentous question of the exact direction of that glance occupied his thoughts—in their place came a little pink and brown face set in smooth bands of soft dusky hair and two bright eyes, flashing quick glances, whose meaning required a good deal of after-thought. Not that he cared or was ever likely to care seriously what the glances meant, only it was tantalizing never fairly to know whether one was looked at or not. All at once, in a second, his eyes recovered the power of seeing what was before them—the dream-picture faded and reality came in its place, vividly, startlingly, sending quick pulses through all his veins as he gazed. The back-door of a house just opposite, but divided from the street by a narrow strip of garden, opened, and a child of four trotted forth into the rain. The slim figure of a girl dashed out after him and caught him by the skirts to drag him in. Floating pink flounces, a white handkerchief thrown over a dark head, little feet in thin slippers showing on the wet step, slender hands stretched out,—that was the spectacle Pelham's eyes fastened upon and recognized in a moment. A small contest followed. The little child struggled hard to escape from the arms that captured him. A sturdy hand directed a blow at the pink cheek, shaded by the handkerchief. Pelham clutched the window-frame with a wild purpose of flinging himself out, across the dividing space on to the scene of action. Then all was over; the figures retreated as suddenly as they had appeared, and no evidence of the incident remained but the deep glow that had burned itself into Pelham's face, and the quick beating of his heart that had been so quiet a minute before.

It was no concern of his, certainly, he said to himself; he was going away to-morrow and should never see any of these people again; but if any excuse for thrashing every one of those cubs of Maynards could be afforded him

before he took his departure, he should leave the place with an easier mind. How could Ellen and Connor witness such a state of things as indifferently as they did? How could they laugh gaily over the incongruities of their friend's surroundings, and see only subjects for amusement in the little indignities which made him, who had no pretence to her friendship, indignant and heart-sore? He recalled warm words and beaming looks bestowed one hour, which did not preclude little jokes at pretty Lesbia's expense the next, and he said to himself that such hypocrisy made him sick. Poor bright-eyed, ill-used, trusting Lesbia! whom he was leaving to-morrow to the mercies of exacting relations and half-hearted friends. *He* leaving! What was he thinking of? As if he had anything to do with her, or she would ever even know that there was one person in the world who resented her wrongs as they deserved to be resented!

"There!" cried Connor, looking up from the desk where he had been writing diligently for the last quarter of an hour, "I have done it, Ellen, and not so badly either, I will say that for myself. I doubt whether there are many fellows, this side the Channel at all events, who could have turned off a 'nate' little copy of verses, as sweet as sugar, by Jove—in the time, exactly twelve minutes and a half by the clock."

The silence, which had actually lasted nearly half an hour, here came to an end, and the clack of tongues that hardly ever ceased in Ellen's and Connor's waking hours when they were together, began again.

"Verses, Connor? I thought you said you were going to read mathematics soberly this rainy morning?"

"What can a poor fellow do, when a young lady with the cunningest eyes in the world comes round him by moonlight, saying how 'mavourneen' is the prettiest word ever spoken, and would not it go well in a song? How can he help himself writing a song about her the first thing in the morning?"

"Oh Connor, Connor, it was you

who began with your 'mavourneens'—I heard you. But let us see what you have written."

"Yes, yes; read it aloud. I flatter myself that there's a touch of the real thing in the verses, and that they'll turn off your tongue like music. Try them."

"Mavourneen is a priceless gem,  
Jewelled her robe from throat to hem,  
She's crowned with a rare diadem,  
Mavourneen.

"Her throne is pure gold, but not fit  
For one so strangely fair, to sit  
Upon, and yet she honours it—  
Mavourneen.

"Slaves every moment throng her feet,  
With eager eyes upraised to meet  
Each least desire of hers, most sweet  
Mavourneen.

"But, oh, she wears the plainest gown,  
Her dear head never crowned a crown,  
Only my heart makes her renown—  
Mavourneen.

"And her gold throne I spoke about,  
Is only built of love without  
Any possible flaw throughout—  
Mavourneen.

"My thoughts are born in chains, they move  
All round and round her in one groove,  
Living to wait on her I love—  
Mavourneen."

"But it's an out-and-out love song," cried Ellen, when she had finished reading.

"And what else would it be? What else is worth putting into music and giving her to read but just love?"

"I don't know what Lesbia will think of it though, this line about the poorest gown—it's very pretty, but will she like it?"

"I can't take it out; it's just that gives the touch of pathos and makes the verses above the common. It's the one grain of real poetry in the whole thing, for it came warm and true out of my heart. I was thinking of her as she looked last night, when that little rascal, Bob Maynard, threw a handful of wet sand over her dress. She stood still, looking at the stains, with her red lip up, and the big tears swelling in her jewels of eyes—the poor little darling of the world, that she is! Mavourneen!"

"Oh Connor, Connor, I do believe

you will talk yourself into being actually in love with her at last, and you know in reality it's all make-believe and talk—words, words, words."

"I know nothing of the kind; how can you judge? Every man meets his fate some time."

"Man! But you are a boy."

"And Babette is a baby; so we are well matched. Come, give me an envelope. I don't say that I have quite the brass to give her these verses into her own hands. I'll send them anonymously by post, and she can make out whom they come from if she pleases."

"You won't, really?"

"Who's to hinder me?"

"I will. I won't allow any such nonsense to go out of the house. I won't have you make such a fool of yourself," cried Pelham, turning from the window with a very red, indignant face, which during all the previous conversation he had been trying to bring into sufficient order to expose to Connor's quizzing eyes.

"Hollo! Don Pomposo Furioso! we had forgotten you were in the room," cried Connor. "You would not have had the luck to hear my verses, I can tell you, if I had remembered your existence five minutes ago; but, since you have heard, what objection does your wisdom find to them?"

"Give the letter to me; it shan't go. As I said before, I won't let you make a confounded fool of yourself, and insult Miss Maynard."

"Insult Miss Maynard! That's a good joke, when she asked me to write the verses herself, and is expecting them this minute—the darling!"

"Ellen, you can let him speak in that way of your friend?"

"My dear Pelham, I don't see anything to be so very angry about. Connor drew her on certainly, but Lesbia did drop a hint about wishing to have some verses written on purpose for herself—I heard it."

"Well, I have often been told that women are envious of each other, and speak ill of their dearest friends behind their backs, and now I believe it."

"Easy, Pelham, easy. Abuse me as



much as you like, and welcome—I'll take it kindly; but don't fall foul of Ellen, if you please. The notion of her needing to be envious and jealous of little Lesbia Maynard beats everything for absurdity."

"You say that, and you write verses about gold thrones and chains. What a confounded humbug you are!"

Connor laughed aloud. "Well, no one will accuse you of being that same. You've as fine a talent for insulting your relations and friends as the biggest hypocrite in the world would need to prove his sincerity by."

"I did not insult you—nothing of the kind; but I'm in earnest that those verses don't go to Miss Maynard."

"Oh, I can be in earnest too, if you like; but just look here, Pelham! We are not schoolboys now to quarrel conveniently, and we found out once before that it did not answer for us two to interfere with each other. We made a mess of it when it was only a question of a dog between us, and a young lady is a much more awkward subject to disagree about."

"And indeed, Pelham, you are taking it a great deal too seriously," put in Ellen, eagerly. "Don't you know that Connor is always writing verses to young ladies, and never sending them? Why he has written poems on every one of the seven Miss O'Roones of Ballyowen; and as to the Dublin young ladies of his acquaintance, you should see what he finds to say and sing about them."

"No, he shall not see," cried Connor, taking up his writing-case, and deliberately placing the sheet from which Ellen had read in an inside pocket already well stuffed with MSS. "It's like shaking a red rag before a mad bull's eyes to show a scrap of poetry to Pelham. Let him subside, poor fellow; we've poked him up enough for one day, and he begins to look dangerous. Hullo! there's the postman coming up the street. I shall run down and intercept my share of his budget. I always hate letters except on a rainy day, and then there's some use in them. If I find a *billet-doux*

from the youngest Miss O'Roone, Pelham shan't read it."

Pelham followed Connor out of the room, and was seen by Ellen a few minutes later setting forth to work off his discontent by a solitary walk in the rain. As soon as he was fairly out of sight, Connor's figure dashed across the road in the direction of the Maynards' house, closely following in the wake of the postman. Ellen, left alone, returned with a sigh to her work of spreading delicate fronds of seaweed on wet paper to send to cousin Anne, as an addition to the Happy-go-Lucky Lodge collection of works of art. As her needle laboriously separated and arranged the minute pink and white fibres, her thoughts made rapid excursions from one subject to another. If only the boys would not quarrel; if only she could once more see cousin Anne, and help her to arrange her heterogeneous possessions; if only she could learn the secret art by which Lesbia kept the boys so pleasantly engrossed that in her presence such jars as had occurred this morning seldom fell out. She laughed over the foolish squabbles with Connor, but they always left a little sting, a pin-prick wound, in her heart, that made her uneasy and remorseful for days after; and though no amount of coaxing would have won such an avowal from Connor, she knew quite well that it was the same with him. It was as necessary for him as for herself to bask in the good-will and approbation of those he lived among, and she knew by many little signs that nothing ever elated Connor more, or made him more comfortable with himself, than when some rare chance brought an unusual mark of confidence, or a word that could be twisted into approval from Pelham, his way. And Pelham, too, why did he wince so under Connor's little sarcasm and her own careless speeches, and brood over them so long, if he did not, at the bottom of his heart, care more for Connor's good opinion and hers than he ever chose to show? Surely she must be a very bad manager, a very inefficient sister, not to have brought about greater harmony

between these two, and made them understand each other better before this. How the rain pattered down, and how still the house was within! Soon Ellen heard her father open the dining-room door, and take in the letters which Connor had left on the hall-table, and shut himself in to read them; five minutes after, the door of the lower room opened hurriedly and her father's voice was heard calling her mother to come downstairs. It was not a usual thing for Mrs. Daly to leave her bedroom in the morning. How feeble her step on the stair was now, how slowly and reluctantly she seemed to move! Ellen half rose to help her, and then sat down again. If her father had any unpleasant business to discuss with her mother, as was only too likely, it was better that they should talk it out first alone, and she must hold herself ready to comfort each separately afterwards. In dilemmas her father was apt to turn to her for counsel instead of to Pelham, and that displeased her mother. There was something in the aspect of this day that reminded Ellen of another day at home, a day that had brought trouble and change. Was it the patter of the rain? Strong, heavy rain, that would not have disgraced the West land, where everything seemed to be done more thoroughly and heartily than here. Ellen shut her eyes and tried to conjure herself back in thought to Castle Daly, and to believe for a moment or two that when she looked up she should find herself surrounded by old familiar things. The touch of a wet cheek put close to hers roused her, and she opened her eyes quickly to the sight of Connor leaning over the back of her chair, with laughter in his eyes, and bright drops trickling from his drenched hair down upon her face.

"What are you thinking of?" he began. "Have you not been cracking your sides with laughing over the fine disclosure we have had this morning?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don Pomposo in love."

"Oh, nonsense. Why did you go out into the rain and get yourself so wet?"

"What a question for a Connemara girl! To post my love-letter, of course."

"Oh, Connor, have you really?"

"And indeed I have. The joke is, that I had to take one of Pelham's envelopes, with his initials on the flap. I dashed into his room, seized from his desk the first that came to hand, directed it to Miss Lesbia, and rushed out after the postman to drop it into the Maynards' box with their other letters. I only noticed the big P.D. above the seal after it had slipped through my fingers. But it's an excellent joke."

"It is not fair: she will think Pelham wrote the verses."

"Will she? Won't her heart tell her better than that, don't you think?"

"Connor, I do believe you are very conceited."

"You'll have to believe her very stupid if she is to give Pelham the credit for writing what she's reading this minute. I wish I could see her eyes, the darling jewels that they are, eating up the words. Won't she know who wrote them! Pelham write such verses as those to her, indeed!"

"Perhaps she would prefer to think they were Pelham's. She has seen almost as much of him as of you; and he is very handsome, you must allow."

"So is that old gold fish in the vase there, but who ever succeeded in getting up a tender interest in the dumb beauty? It looks well in a room, but nobody flings a thought to it. It's the blarney that wins the hearts, all the world over."

"It's a shame that it should when it is such thoroughgoing blarney as yours, Connor dear. I don't think you should have sent those verses to Lesbia. She does not know you as well as I do, and perhaps she'll believe all that farrago you wrote about your love being a gold throne for her to sit upon for ever, and your thoughts her slaves following her in chains. Oh, Connor, Connor, when I know what erratic creatures they are—it makes me laugh, but she might possibly take it seriously."

"And it's heaven's truth she'll be

taking in if she does. I don't know why you won't believe me, Ellen, for I've been saying the same thing to you for the last six weeks without a breath of change. A man may be in love, and keep a little fun and life in him. He need not look black death and thunder at all the world like Pelham, I should hope; and I have loved that little darling in the red house yonder ever since the day when she made me savage by laughing at me."

"Six weeks ago," put in Ellen.

"And why won't I love her for ever? I don't care if all the world knows of it."

"But I advise you not to let Mrs. Joseph Maynard know of it, or there'll be no peace for poor little Lesbia. Pelham too——"

"Hang Pelham! What right has he to put in his oar? He took against her at first. He shan't cut in now, and spoil everything—I won't have it."

"He leaves us to-morrow, Connor dear. Don't say a word to vex him again. Don't let him know that you have really sent that letter, or for any sake breathe a word of its being put in one of his envelopes. We shall both be sorry to-morrow if we vex him again to-day."

"You never vex anyone—you are a regular little saint. It was Pelham's taking it upon himself to find fault with you, that bothered me, more than his interference about Lesbia. I can stand anything from him better than his bullying you."

"He does not intend to bully—it's his English way; and, Connor avourneen, what I want from you, is just a promise to take no notice however sulky he is the rest of this day, but to help me to coax him round. If blarney is good for anything, it is to keep peace at home, among brothers and sisters, don't you think? There is papa's voice calling me. Connor, I'm sure that some important news has come in those letters you took in. I have had a strange unsettled feeling on me all day, as if something was coming. Suppose only it should be news that took us home."

"Put in a word for Lesbia Maynard's going with us then, or I had rather stay where we are."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"ONE letter for mamma, and four for papa—and, hollo! two for Babette. I say, Miss Babette shan't have her letters this minute though. I'll pay her out for dragging me in from the garden, by keeping them in my pocket till after dinner." Muttering thus to himself, little Walter Maynard, who had constituted himself supplementary letter-deliverer to the family, slipped two of the letters he had abstracted from the letter-box into his knickerbocker pockets and trotted into the parlour with the rest of his budget. Dr. Maynard was out on his morning round of visits among his patients. Mrs. Maynard inspected the outsides of his letters and read her own, while Lesbia looked up wistfully towards the little letter-carrier, from the copy-book, along which she was guiding Bobby Maynard's red stumpy fingers in their first efforts to make pot-hooks and hangers; and sighed. She had not had a letter for a whole week. It was too bad of Bride, and the ready April tears swelled in her eyes, till one large bright drop overflowed and fell.

"There, Baby, it was you made me make that great blot. Yes, it was," cried Bob, twisting his head round, so as to see her face. "Why, you are crying! Mamma, here's cousin Babette crying again. Isn't she a baby?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Maynard looked up from her letter; her face had rather a startled expression upon it, and the children thought her voice and her words, too, sounded odd.

"You are a very naughty boy, I am sure, Bobby, if you have made your cousin Lesbia cry, when she is so kind as to give you a writing-lesson. You may get down now and let Walter come and write."

"It was not Bobby's fault," said Lesbia, twinkling away her tears, and brightening instantly into smiles and

dimples under the unexpected ray of kindness; "but, oh, dear Aunt, need Walter write to-day? My fingers are so hot and tired with holding Bobby's, and I'll give Walter some other kind of lesson by and bye to make up."

She strolled off to the window without waiting for an answer, clasping her tired hands behind her head. Mrs. Maynard's eyes rested on her for a minute or two, considering, and then turned back to re-peruse a sentence in her letter.

"We have all here been much excited by a report that has reached us of the death, at Florence, of Dr. Maynard's uncle—that rich old Mr. Maynard you told me about. They say he has left an immense fortune behind him, two hundred thousand pounds at the least, and that it is all to go to one of his great-nephews or nieces; we are hoping that the lucky heir is one of your fine boys. Let us know soon."

Mrs. Maynard's fingers strayed to the letters on the chimney-piece; the news must be in one of them. What a provoking thing it was that Dr. Maynard should have gone out that morning on one of his longest rounds, and that he should so often have declared his determination to keep his letters to himself, that even with such a question as this hanging over her, his wife dare not meddle with them. An immense fortune for one of her boys—for darling Johnny, the old man's godson. Surely Providence could not have allowed anything else to happen. The anxious mother's thoughts flew back to question every incident of the last occasion, when old John Maynard had come down to Whitecliffe expressly to spend an evening at their house. Which of the children had he noticed most?—Those tiresome ever-ready tears and smiles of Lesbia's! She was an awkward girl of thirteen then, not so very pretty, and old John had hardly looked at her till, just as he was taking leave, he poked his hand under her chin, and asked her abruptly if she was sorry to be separated from her brother and sister; then those provoking bright large tears had come into her babyish brown eyes, and the old

man had turned away, and had a violent fit of coughing. Perhaps he hated tears. It was fortunate that he had not seen Lesbia within the last year or two, for certainly she was an alarmingly pretty girl now—an anxious charge for anyone. Good gracious! suppose for an instant the two hundred thousand pounds should go to her, what could be done then? Johnny, the eldest of their family, was only fourteen—three years younger than Lesbia—and those two had never been friends. Only last Christmas holidays he had locked her up in the dark closet at the head of the stairs, and she had remained in the cold, forgotten by everyone, till Dr. Maynard asked for her at tea-time, and went to let her out. Yet they had all been extremely kind to her; she herself, at all events, could answer for having spent, strictly for Lesbia's benefit, very nearly all the money sent by the elder brother and sister, deducting only quite small sums to remunerate herself for all the trouble and care she had been put to. There could not be much to complain of in management under which she had grown up—the fresh, bright-eyed, pink-cheeked creature that stood idling in the window there, so different from the plain elder sister. Again Mrs. Maynard's eyes fixed themselves on Lesbia, and as she took a more curious inventory of her charms than she had ever troubled herself to make before, she came to the conclusion, that if by perverse fate Lesbia did prove to be the heiress of the fortune that ought to come to her son, it would become her all her life to be extremely grateful to the disinterested cousins who had brought her up, and to acknowledge that she owed it somehow to them that her dark hair was so abundant, and of such a rich colour, that her figure was so slim and graceful, and that such a rich peach-bloom glowed under the clear brown of her cheeks. Had not all these endowments come to her under their roof?

Dr. Maynard did not return home at his usual hour, and in consequence the early dinner was one of the scenes of riot and squabble among the boys, and ineffectual scolding from Mrs. Maynard,

that were a perpetual jar on little Lesbia's natural love of order and refinement. Her thoughts were busy during the meal, planning some legitimate method of securing a quiet afternoon for herself.

"You look very tired, Aunt" (she called Mrs. Maynard aunt, though she was in reality only her cousin by marriage). "You look tired, and I am sure your head is aching," she said, after dinner was over. "Let me do the week's mending for you this afternoon. I will take the stocking-basket into the old conservatory, where I shall have no interruption, and I will get all done by tea-time, and you can lie down and rest."

Mrs. Maynard hesitated a minute. All dinner-time she had been looking at Lesbia in the light of a possible great heiress, and the habit she had fallen into of using her as a household drudge did not look so just and natural as it had seemed any time these last seven years. On the other hand, was it not a true kindness to the girl if this temptation of great wealth were really coming, to let her do one more afternoon's useful work? She should not be the worse for it, if things turned out as they ought to do, and Johnny's advancement lay in one of those thick letters on the chimney-piece. Mrs. Maynard made up her mind to be very generous, in that case, to Lesbia, and make her a present of the cornelian brooch she had seen her look at longingly so often, behind its glass-case on the pier. She would quite deserve that and other little marks of favour as well perhaps, if events proved her not to have been guilty of wiling old John Maynard's fortune from him by those well-remembered crocodile tears.

"You are really a very good girl, Babette, to think of the mending," she said cordially, "and as I think it likely I may have to talk over some important business with Dr. Maynard when he comes in, I shall be much obliged to you if you will get it done."

Lesbia ran upstairs quite elated with the few kind words and the success of her little scheme, and forbore to scold Walter for lifting the heaped-up work-basket from its shelf in the wardrobe

before she came up, and disturbing its contents by thrusting his hands into it.

"You are going to be very good boys all this afternoon, Walter and Bobby," she said, coaxingly, "and when I have finished my work I will tell you over again the whole story of the terrible fight at Ballyowen fair, and how nearly your cousin John Thornley had his arm broken by the red-haired Irishman, who tried to pull him off his horse."

The conservatory was a dilapidated little place entered by a door and some stone steps from the back-room where Dr. Maynard occasionally saw his patients. It was many years since all pretence of keeping it supplied with plants had been abandoned, and it was seldom entered now by anyone but Lesbia, who liked to shut herself in among the cobwebs and broken flower-pots because it was the only place in the house where she could feel herself quite safe from the boys, who did not dare to pursue her across their father's territory. She used to study her lessons there, which the masters, her brother and sister, insisted on giving her. There she diligently carried on the skilful contrivances with her needle and scissors, and stores of ribbon and net, that gave her much-worn gowns and bonnets the dainty air so puzzling to Ellen Daly. There she laughed aloud, and sometimes cried and trembled over her sister's letters from Ireland; and there, seated on the stone steps with her elbows on her knees, and her dimpled chin propped between her hands, she dreamed her girlish dreams of all the good the future was to bring her. If the thronging, brightly-coloured thoughts could only have taken shape as they rose up and photographed themselves on the cracked panes of glass round her, what a curious and pretty series of decorations the old tumble-down outhouse would have had, and how surprised Lesbia would have been, on getting up from her seat and walking round when the hour of castle-building was over, to observe what a very prominent place a certain slim, dark-eyed personage held in all the pictures! She would have been quite certain that she did not really think as highly of herself as



all that, and was not in truth so selfish as to want so many good things and so much praise and prosperity all for herself. The bright thoughts, however, generally came when the fingers were idle. Work, unless it was very pretty work, had rather a depressing effect on Lesbia's spirits, and on that day there were several reasons for her thoughts taking the sombre hue of the dull grey material she was forced to look at. She had got up in the morning expecting something very pleasant to happen that afternoon, and oh, what a dull, trying day it had been! How leaden the sea and sky looked, seen through the dusty, cobwebby glass panes! How melancholy the wind sounded, and the flap, flap of the untrained briar-rose branches against the conservatory roof! When she and the young Dalys parted last night at the garden-gate, she had said to herself that she would enjoy one more merry day with her friends, and not allow herself to think once of what was coming, but the rain had cheated her of her respite. Of course there would be fine days after this. Even at Whitecliff it could not rain for ever, and she and Ellen and Connor would walk and sail again together; but it would not be quite the same as it had been. It never was the same in a party when one member of it had gone away. Mr. Pelham Daly's departure was the beginning of the break-up of all that had made this summer so different from every other. The end would come very soon. Other people left Whitecliff when the dreary autumn and wild winter days set in, but she, Lesbia, had to stay there always. The Dalys would go certainly. The house opposite would be shut up, or some stupid people would take it, and she would walk down the parade or along the sands with Bobby and Watty, when there would be no possibility of those three figures looming upon her in the distance, whose approach changed the dulllest and most monotonous walk into something fresh and pleasant. She might never again hear a word about them through all her life, or perhaps some day Dr. Maynard would read the

marriage of one of them from the newspaper at breakfast, and say to his wife, "That Mr. Pelham Daly, who has made such a grand marriage, must surely be the eldest brother of the young lady who once, a good many years ago, took a sort of fancy to Lesbia." That would be the way they would put it, and that would be the truth. Changes would come to others, but she must go on living just here, through long summers when the parade was hot and crowded with strangers who never came to be friends, and through windy winters when the place was a desert, teaching Bobby and Watty, and darning their socks on rainy days among the broken flower-pots till—till—she was thirty perhaps, or even forty, and had deep hollows under her eyes and grey streaks in her hair, and had grown silent and sour-looking like the Miss Johnstones next door. Lesbia could not bear the picture she had conjured up one moment longer, it was too dreadful; she snatched the sock she was darning from her hand with a childish gesture of despair, and, turning round, threw her arms on the upper step of the flight she was sitting on, and, leaning her forehead against them, groaned aloud. Down fell the work-basket by her side, hopping from step to step in its fall, and scattering its miscellaneous contents all around. Lesbia sprang up to arrest its progress, and there staring her in the face on the top of a pile of stockings, lay the two letters Walter had kept back in the morning. She seized them with a cry of joy, hardly caring to consider how they came to be there, and tore open the uppermost envelope. A sheet in her brother's handwriting caught her eye first. The sight caused a thrill of alarm, for it was not often John wrote to her. Oh! if while she had been groaning over imaginary troubles bad news from him awaited her. If Bride should be ill. Away flew her self-occupation and little vanities, dispelled by a tumult of tender fears.

"My dear little sister," she read, "I flatter myself, as a letter from me is rather a rarity, that you will take my

sheet and read it first. You had better do so, for I have some important news to tell you, and you will understand it in my plain words sooner than if you get it first wrapped up in all the loves and cautions and congratulations that Bride is busy just now putting into her sheet. Of course you have often heard of our old grand-uncle John Maynard. I think you saw him four years ago when he spent a day at Whitecliff, and I hope he left a sufficiently pleasant impression of himself on your mind for you to feel some sorrow when I tell you he is dead. Call back and cherish any kind recollection of him you can, little Babette, for he was very good to you in his last thoughts. He has left all his fortune to you, so that in reading these words in my letter a new sort of life opens out before you. May you be thoroughly happy and act worthily in it, little one! You will hardly understand at first all the change it will make, but one immediate consequence of what has happened is, that there is no longer any need for us three to live apart. We are setting our wits to work to devise a speedy method for transporting you here, so be prepared to take a journey to Ireland soon. Be sure that Bride and I rejoice utterly in your good fortune, and mentally shake hands with you on it from across the sea. If anyone else says anything, satisfy your conscience (you see I am giving you credit for being too scrupulous concerning other people's rights to be over elated with your own luck) by reflecting that old John Maynard had a right to do what he pleased with his own money; he got very little pleasure out of it while he was alive, and that he has chosen you to enjoy the benefit of his savings and his labours because you are the youngest pet child of our mother, who was a daughter to him once, and the most like her. If those two have met up there after their long estrangement, Bride and I think that she will be glad of what he has done for you. I am writing to explain it to all the Maynards. By the way, one clause of the will enacts that you are to take the name of Maynard, and give it to your husband if—or shall

I say when you marry—so you will keep our dear mother's name, Lesbia Maynard, to the end of the chapter.

"Your affectionate brother and faithful guardian, JOHN THORNLEY."

Lesbia read the letter twice over before the full meaning of the words forced itself on her mind; and then it was not elation, nor joy, nor regret for other people's disappointment, that rushed in with it. The tender little heart swelled first, with a pang of remorseful shame, such as a little child feels who has been angry with its mother for leaving it alone, and been surprised on her return by the present of a fine new toy. She had been discontented with her lot, thinking herself hardly used, and all the while God and that old man had been preparing this wondrous change for her. She bent her head down humbly on her clasped hands, and tried to shape a prayer out of the tumult of thoughts and emotions that welled up. Had the old life really gone from her in that moment? The stocking-darnings, Mrs. Maynard's perpetual fault-finding, Bobby's fits of sulks over his lessons, the shabby clothes, the grumbings she used to hear against Bride and John for not sending more money? Was it all over, and in its place a dazzling vista of prosperity and joy opening out before her? How much easier it would have been to bear patiently all the little pains of the old life, if she had only known they were not to last for ever! She certainly would not have given Bobby that box on the ear last night when he overthrew her work-box, or have refused to cover Johnny's books when he last went back to school, because he had teased her so all the holidays. For five minutes, instead of looking forward, Lesbia was absorbed in wishing vehemently that she could have two or three of the last years over again, that she might so comport herself in them as to make them a worthy background for what was to come. Well, it would be easy to make up for every shortcoming now. She would forgive all little wrongs, and make everyone in the house a splendid present the very

first thing. Mrs. Maynard should have a velvet dress, and the Doctor a new carriage, and Bobby and Walter every toy or story-book they had ever mentioned with longing. She would be a benevolent fairy, divining everyone's wishes, and scattering gifts in their path. A great wave of intoxicating joy rushed in now, swallowing up all soberer thoughts. She seized Bride's closely written sheets and began to read, only pausing now and then to press eager kisses on the affectionate words. As she reached the last sentence, a bell in the house rang, and she started up with exactly the same feeling she had had a hundred times before, when that sound had called her back from a brilliant day-dream.

The tea-bell—was it possible that this was a common day, and that people were going to take their meals just as usual? The news John's letter had brought faded and lost all significance for her—just as a castle-in-the-air would have faded. She did not believe a word of her change of fortune. Life was going on just as usual, and there was she, her work undone, and the contents of Mrs. Maynard's work-basket scattered all over the conservatory floor. She began to collect the socks and replace them in the basket with trembling fingers; the last thing she took up was Connor's letter. More news on that wonderful day. Curiosity conquered fear, and she opened and read. The rhymes seemed to ring in her head and make her giddy. Did they belong to the old Lesbia, who sat down on the steps with her work two hours ago? or to the new one that was coming? She felt like a person standing on a bridge, leading from one country to another, who can only hear the swell of the dividing waters rushing below. "Yet, oh! she wears the plainest gown." A little smile came to her lips, as she paused over that line, on her third reading, and before she had made up her mind whether she was glad or sorry that the person who wrote it

would have to change his description of her in the future, the conservatory door half opened, and the parlour-maid, with a very satirical expression of face, poked her head in.

"Mrs. Maynard desires her respectful compliments, and wishes to know how much longer it is Miss Lesbia Thornley's pleasure to keep them all waiting for tea."

Lesbia drew up her head, and mounted the steps slowly. John's letter had grown perfectly real again; but the warm pleasant thoughts about good-will to all, and splendid presents, had received a painful check. She understood quite well that Mrs. Joseph Maynard had sent her a declaration of war, and that she must not expect anyone in that house to be glad with her to-night. It was hard to have to bring her tumult of feeling under the ken of cold unsympathising eyes—hard to have no kind shoulder near to lean her throbbing head against, while she talked out her wonder and excitement. John and Bride were far out of reach, and she felt very lonely. There was that second letter in her hand, perhaps after all it told better news than the first. It was balm to her wounded heart to know that someone had been feeling all those fine things about her, while the Maynards loved her so little. She thought she should always feel very much obliged to Mr. Connor Daly for writing her that letter, even though he had remarked upon the poorness of her gowns. She paused under the gas-burner in the hall, for it was already dark in the house, to study once more the handwriting on the outside of the letter, and as she held the envelope up to the light her eye fell on the monogram outside—P. D. All at once a vivid crimson flushed her face, and after a furtive glance round to see that no one was near, she raised the corner of the paper to her lips, and then thrusting it deep into her pocket, walked boldly into the parlour to confront her angry cousins.

*To be continued.*

## CHURCH REFORM: PATRONAGE.

It may be thought by some that this paper contains nothing more than a mere dream of Church Reform, so visionary and impossible will the suggestions made in it at first sight appear. And yet, if we go on to inquire in what the apparent impossibility consists, we shall quickly discover that it is due to nothing in the suggestions themselves, but to the present tone of public opinion upon Church affairs; a tone which varies from time to time, and may be made to vary in any given direction by resolute efforts founded upon common sense and reasonable argumentation. To use a word which happily lends itself to two shades of meaning, there is nothing impracticable in Church Reform, though much in the popular mind concerning it. To those who may do me the favour of reading this paper I will give an assurance at the outset that the plans suggested shall be such as Parliament is perfectly competent to discuss and decide upon: they shall be constitutional, that is, in strict harmony with the traditions of English political life: they shall be financially possible, and pay due regard to vested interests: they shall draw the connection between Church and State closer than it is at present, and, while preserving the control of the latter, shall bestow upon the former a larger freedom for doing its proper work: they shall attempt to deal with all proved abuses: and, finally, shall require no incredible condition, unless indeed it be deemed incredible that an English statesman should be found willing in part to retain, and in part to revive, the old English instinct of dealing with the Church as with the professions of arms, law, medicine, and the civil service. What this means and what it will lead to I shall now proceed to discuss, not with any thought of being

able to exhaust the subject, but by way of brief and rapid suggestion.

The difficulty, indeed, of dealing with this immense subject within the necessary limits of magazine articles is so great, that I must ask the forbearance of my readers for many omissions and much incompleteness of treatment. In the first place, I shall confine myself entirely to those reforms which may be termed ecclesiastical, rather than doctrinal or ritual, and which aim at improvements in the constitution or government of the Church. In the second place, I shall abstain, as far as possible, from minute details, contenting myself with just so much as shall prove Reform to be possible and indeed easy. It must not be supposed, for instance, that I have not foreseen objections and difficulties merely because I have not been able to notice all of them. And, thirdly, I must content myself at the outset with the very briefest description of the present position of the Church of England as regards the necessity and the possibility of a thorough Reform. It is indeed obvious that some description is necessary to the adequate treatment of our subject.

The present position of the English Church may, I think, be expressed in some such words as these:—The Church is in no danger of being disestablished, because it inflicts no appreciable harm or injustice upon any human being or any single class in all England. And yet the Church is, or at least *ought to be*, in imminent danger of disestablishment, because it is not doing the work which the nation expects at its hands, and for which it holds its endowments in trust.

The first half of this proposition does not require many words of proof. It is a matter of historical fact, so often repeated, indeed, as to become some-

what wearisome, that Englishmen occupy themselves with the removal of admitted wrongs, and care very little for abstract rights or for theories of what an ideal state should be. And so the simple reason why the disestablishment cry, with so much of passing chance and popular prejudice in its favour, has made so little progress, is that no actual grievance can be with any plausibility laid to the existence of the national Church. No one suffers in any of the rights and liberties of a citizen from the fact that a considerable amount of property, privileges, and even authority remains in the hands in whose possession they have been for say 1,000 years; the understanding being, as it has always practically been, that this possession is held in trust for the common good, and a share in it, or rather in the exercise of it, is open to all on easy and liberal terms. Grievances the Dissenters indeed have; to deny this would be to add a crowning grievance to the list. But then they are precisely the grievances that disestablishment would intensify, instead of removing. The removal, for instance, of the Bishop of Lincoln from the House of Lords would not prevent that well-meaning prelate from insulting, with the best and most pacific intentions in the world, the whole body of Wesleyan Christians. Separation of Church and State would not prevent ardent young priests, fresh from their pass degree, from expounding the sin of schism, and the necessity of Apostolical Succession, from the pulpit of the principal place of worship in the parish,—to the great discomfort, let it be added, of the ordinary, quiet church-goer, to whom the Apostolical Succession is by no means necessary to make him love, respect, and defend his Church. Reform might cure this: the Reforms that I advocate would, I think, rapidly tend to cure it; but disestablishment would only make matters tenfold worse by intensifying the sectarian spirit from which these evils flow.

In short, all our national traditions of the art of good government will have to be changed before a revolution so vast

can be accomplished merely because a number of excellent, but, politically speaking, rather narrow persons do not like the Church of England. The men who have got to govern the country, will naturally ask for some good reason before they take a step which may end, and which, upon the face of it, is intended to end, in the virtual establishment of a Church in the midst of England, flushed with sectarian zeal and priestly arrogance, united by the memory of political defeat, rich, powerful, and obstructive, lording it in the churches and cathedrals, to which it would have, either in whole or in part, succeeded. And the real state of the case is simply this—that hardly any ordinary Englishman, except some ardent partizans among the Dissenters, desires in his secret mind to see the Church overthrown; while statesmen who have not the heart to initiate Reforms do very heartily protest that theirs shall not be the hand to do the deed of destruction. And a further curious result follows. The Dissenters are stopped from taking what would be their natural and legitimate course, namely, to insist upon the manifold defects in the actual working of the Establishment, because the immediate result would be to increase the desire for Church Reform. Their line now is rather to give credit to the Church for its voluntary action and effectiveness, and to insist that the sight of so many good works being accomplished afflicts them with sincere regrets that the Church is not set free to accomplish her mission more effectually still. But most assuredly they will have to change this line before long, if they mean to prevail, and, dropping all unmeaning formulas about religious equality and state control, to set themselves to work to prove that the Church is not doing the work for which she is established, and is not in harmony with the national feeling. And this contention, whether we believe it ought to be met by disestablishment, or by reform, is, unhappily, only too capable of proof, and too powerful an *argumentum ad invidiam*.



And here we come to the chief cause of much of the present uneasiness as to the destiny of the English Church. With all its merits, the Church is not doing the religious work of the country, just as, with all its merits, the army was not believed to be doing the defensive, or the Law Courts the legal work, before recent reforms. That section of the Church who have its work most at heart at this present moment, confess this quite frankly, and propose, as we know, to remedy the evil by a resort to "Catholic" principles of action and devotion. No amount of success in the building of churches, or the multiplication of agencies should, however, prevent us from perceiving that the Church is leaving undone the work which it ought to do, besides doing a good deal that had better be left undone. The Church is not converting the people to a life of practical Christian morality, inspired and fashioned by the life of Him whose name she bears. The symptoms of something wrong are so startlingly clear, so ominous of doom, that one wonders how the rattle and confusion of party theological conflicts can blind the eyes and dull the ears of the combatants against the tokens of the approaching storm. Here are a few of them: An established Church has for its special object the religious care of the poorer classes; yet the masses in large towns are almost untouched by religious ministrations, while there is clearly but an imperfect sympathy between the clergy and the agricultural labourers. A large part of the theology of the national Church is growing ever wider apart from what may fairly be called the established scientific thought of the nation. Its moral standard and ideas have few points of contact with the wants and the feelings of the professional and trading classes who are its most trustworthy supporters. There are many occasions on which it has failed to lift up its voice against crying national evils, and to see that peace, justice, and honesty are more important than attendance at any rite, however sacred, or belief in any doctrine, however orthodox. The number of High

Churchmen among the clergy is out of all proportion to that of the laity, and they who do not like those opinions are left without a remedy, no matter how decisive their majority may be. Again, it must be candidly confessed that far more work ought to be got out of the clergy, taken as a body, than is at present; some have not the power, others not the will, an immense number have not the opportunity, for doing what their will and their capacity would enable them to do. There is again a very general feeling that the laity have far too few rights which clergymen are compelled to respect, and no means of exercising a legitimate influence upon religious affairs. Lastly, the State, as such, has a reasonable ground of complaint that the whole tone of many of the clergy is becoming more self-willed, overbearing, and presumptuous to itself, and more embittered and haughty towards other Christian communities. The statesman who pays the price of an establishment to secure something like peace and unity, must own with a sigh that he gets at the present moment less than he ought of these invaluable commodities in return for his expenditure.

These are some of the symptoms of the disease which I have described in general terms as the inadequate performance by the Church of the religious work for which it is established. But there is not one of them that may not be removed by careful and far-reaching reforms, and we should be doing the clergy a great injustice if we did not admit that there exists amongst them a deep consciousness of the evils and an earnest desire to find a remedy. There is by common admission abundance of zeal, energy, men, and money. What is wanted is organization and arrangement. No one ever so much as dreamt of casting a slur upon the character of the English *soldier*, yet there was a very general and strongly-expressed opinion that the *army* was not in a position to defend the country. Nor again are the reforms that would be requisite at all outside the usual routine of political affairs in England. The same hand that

extinguished purchase of commissions in the army might, if it pleased, extinguish purchase of preferment in the Church. The same power that has created Local Boards in every direction is equally able to devise a scheme of local self-government in the religious, as in the secular, affairs of parishes. All that is wanted, I must repeat it again and again, is that some one who possesses the ear of the people should set himself to find a remedy for admitted evils. If, instead of denouncing these evils on platforms and in Charges, our ecclesiastical rulers would bring them before the public mind from their place in Parliament, there would very soon be created a reforming spirit, before which, unless I greatly mistake the temper of the country, the ugly spectre of disestablishment, with disruption in the rear, would vanish into outer darkness. In short, the best method of securing the national Church is to set people hard at work upon reforming it. No man pulls down the house he has just taken great trouble to put in good order.

The task, then, that lies before us is plain enough. We must lay our finger definitely upon the practical abuses which cause the failure and shortcomings of the Church, and we must be prepared with remedies at once practicable and decisive. And thus we shall create that reforming spirit which never becomes general or popular in England until it has something tangible to deal with. And if I venture to essay the task, it is only because no one can, I think, seriously believe that any really useful scheme has been so much as faintly suggested. No attempt has yet been made, within my knowledge, to adjust proposed alterations to the actualities of the case and to the possibilities of action. I propose, therefore, in the first instance, to show as briefly as is at all consistent with clearness, what reforms are at once needed and possible in the Administration of the Patronage of the National Church. We begin with Patronage first.

To select right men for the right places is the admitted difficulty of public affairs,

and yet to accomplish it is almost as much the ultimate end of the Constitution as the one laid down in the expression that "the Constitution exists in order to get a dozen honest men into a jury-box." The only question we have got to ask of any given system is whether it does, or does not, work practically well. Many people, for instance, think that the people themselves have an inherent right to elect their own ministers. If indeed it could be shown that this plan has practical advantages above any other, then the case would be different, but the verdict of reason and experience seems to be on the other side. For in this matter we have an example to guide us. The Wesleyans are the youngest and most successful of English Protestant denominations. In times comparatively recent they had to form an ecclesiastical constitution that should be suitable to the tastes and requirements of English people. And, as we know, they reserved the right of placing the ministers in their various charges to the Church itself as represented by the Conference, allowing some small power in the matter to the separate localities. How well this plan has worked in keeping up the idea and power of the Church we know, and, unless, we want to reduce the national Church into a congeries of congregations, we must avoid any approach to the snare which they avoided. Most people, I feel certain, trained in the habits and ways of thought common to Englishmen, would say that to have a clergyman chosen for them by some competent and responsible authority (with a certain power of resistance which would follow naturally upon the foundation of local government) is far preferable to local elections, with their inevitable display of self-seeking and party spirit. Besides, this paper is a scheme of reform, not a proposal to revolutionize existing institutions.

Now the patronage of the Church of England may be roughly divided into five parts, three of which work well and two ill. These are (1) Bishops and other ecclesiastics, such as Rectors of large, old parishes; (2) the Crown, and

other public functionaries; (3) private patrons who *bond fide* give away their preferment; (4) private patrons who sell their livings; (5) public bodies, such as Deans and Chapters, and other corporations. The first three need not be interfered with except so far as the progress of reform might alter the relations of the Bishop to his clergy by sharing his power and responsibility with a council, as we may see hereafter. But, with this possible exception, the union of these three perfectly natural, reasonable, and historical modes of patronage hits off the problem to be solved very fairly well, and affords a balance, a variety, and a comprehensiveness to which much that is good in the Church is unquestionably due. To destroy it would be folly; what is required is to supplement it by a fourth, formed upon the removal of the last two. The fifth, indeed, need not trouble us, because it forms a part of the reform—total and sweeping—of Chapters. If Chapters were changed, by a process that I hope to discuss hereafter, into diocesan councils, then to them would pass the patronage now held by Corporations, together with that which would be rescued from the advowson market. And so to the three sources of patronage which we have admitted as useful and suitable, would be added a fourth, which would supplement and complete the whole.

We now come to one of the most serious abuses that deforms and degrades the Establishment. The sale of livings is simply a grossly immoral transaction, and is so regarded by many of the best thinking persons, as well as by the popular sentiment, which is, in these matters, most often quite in the right. Even as a sentimental objection, an abuse that creates so much indignation ought to be judged worthy of instant removal. But the fact is that the sale of livings lies deep at the root of the inefficiency of the Church, and we are not to be put off by the remark that it works practically well. It does nothing of the sort. The most that can be said is that a number of average clergymen find

themselves in places for which they are not more or less fitted than their neighbours, and that we contrive to mitigate in practice evils which in theory are simply atrocious. Or perhaps we might put it thus, that the actual obvious harm of the system is not so great as the good which it retards, and the demoralizing influence which it causes. First there is the moral deformity of the fact that the patron in discharging a trust seriously affecting the interests of a body of men, large or small, is obliged to feel the minimum of responsibility to them, the Church, and his conscience, when he is disposing of that which he has bought and paid for. Secondly, the history of army reform has made us acquainted with an analogous injury and injustice. Men feel that they may be, and are, condemned to pass their lives in scantily paid and unsuitable benefices, while their college contemporaries, whose friends happen to be rich, have secured for themselves enviable and well endowed posts. How such a feeling can take the whole heart out of men, and can poison their lives with a perpetual sense of injustice, those only know who have to endure it. Thirdly, instead of the Church being held up as a pattern of moral carefulness and unselfishness in her financial arrangements, she is to be seen distinctly below other religious communities in this point at least, and some justification is even to be found for Mr. Miall's otherwise grotesque description of the loathsome and corrupting things that creep about within her. Fourthly, methods of proceeding are encouraged in direct defiance of the spirit of the law, and only made conformable to its letter by gross, palpable, and disingenuous evasions. Fifthly, the relations of a clergyman to his people are liable to be tainted at the very source. The men who profit by the purchase of livings can surely feel no call, no trust, hardly, one would think, any enthusiasm: while the people themselves, whose religious interests are made matter of bargain at the auction mart, must feel that their parson, be he ever so good a man,

has undertaken the spiritual oversight of the parish from considerations of a financial, not to say a speculative character. How wonderful that there should be Dissenters there! Lastly, to crown the picture, most people's experience will have made them acquainted with one or more parishes which for spiritual desolation are a bye-word and a scandal to the English Church. These are too often valuable livings, constantly in the market, "with prospect of immediate vacancy,"—and often held by persons who have mortgaged, borrowed, strained the law in every way, to obtain a position which no merits of their own would have obtained for them.

How, then, is this scandal to be removed? Merely to declaim against it without suggesting a remedy is not only useless, but worse than useless, because it creates a not unreasonable suspicion that the rights of lay patrons and of vested interests are thereby threatened. This is the first difficulty; a second is the fact that some consideration is due to the many clergymen who have taken orders with the idea of having a living purchased for them; a third is the crowning difficulty of raising the necessary funds. It is quite impossible to estimate how many livings would have to be dealt with, because without searching inquiry we have no means of ascertaining how many of the 6,000 or 7,000 livings in private patronage have at any time of their history been made subject to purchase. And even if this were known, there would still be these two questions to be answered: First, would livings for which no money had ever been paid be entitled to be considered as having a pecuniary value? Second, how many would be actually disposed of by their present possessors, and within what time? Experience can alone decide these questions, but I should be both pleased and surprised if it were found that less than the immense sum of 10,000,000*l.* were invested in this unholy traffic. This estimate, or rather guess, is formed upon the supposition of there being 2,500

saleable advowsons of the average value of 4,000*l.* But whether a good guess or not, it is sufficient to show the difficulty of the task before us. And its accomplishment must be, anyhow, gradual, as indeed by the nature of the case it would be, since the livings would only by degrees come into the market as the incumbents grew old. It is indeed the fact that the raising of the funds would be spread over a considerable number of years that makes the financial problem at all soluble.

The first step would be the creation of Boards of Trustees, not for each living (the very worst of all methods of patronage, if adopted on a large scale) but for each diocese. The constitution of these we shall have to deal with hereafter;<sup>1</sup> it is enough to say here that one or two representatives from the vacant parish should be joined with them, so that the wishes of the people might be expressed. Any patron wishing to dispose of an advowson should do so by transferring it to the Trustees or Commissioners at a price to be settled by arbitration according to fixed rules, the sale of next presentations being absolutely forbidden. If it were ascertained that money had passed between two private persons upon the gift of a benefice, the nomination should be void, and the advowson forfeited to the Trustees. Moreover, it might be well to bear in mind that persons taking the oaths against simony are liable to prosecution for perjury. It is clear, of course, that by this plan there would be no interference with the right of private patrons to confer their livings as they pleased without receipt of money. But one may be pardoned for expressing the hope that with the abolition of purchase a somewhat higher standard of responsibility to the Church would begin to be felt, and that patrons would exact greater efficiency in their nominees than is sometimes the case at present.

<sup>1</sup> As it would be important to get the machinery into working order long before diocesan councils could supersede the present Chapters, it is clear that Special Commissioners would have to be appointed for each diocese as the very first step in reform.

We have now to face the question of raising the money. Four plans suggest themselves to my mind. These are private liberality, taxation of ecclesiastical property, redemption by a charge on the livings, and a fourth which must be described more at length, inasmuch as the whole scheme may ultimately be found to turn upon it. Let us next see how each of these would work.

(1.) Private liberality. In the first place, as Church Reform presupposes a willing and even enthusiastic assent in the minds of Church people, it might very fairly be laid down that no Commissioners would be appointed for any diocese until a certain guarantee fund had been raised by voluntary subscriptions. That this could be done to a very large extent I very little doubt: at any rate, if the reform failed for want of it, it would be a strong argument in favour of disestablishment. In the second place a number of wealthy parishes would probably be willing to purchase the advowson for the purpose of vesting the patronage in Trustees of their own appointment. And though I dislike this mode of selection, yet it would be perfectly impossible to prevent its being carried out, and it must be further remembered that it would apply to comparatively few parishes, and that many evils might be avoided by careful arrangements as to the election of the local Trustees: for instance, the Bishop might always be one *ex-officio*. Lastly, this case would also arise and have to be dealt with. Livings would sometimes pass from one owner to another, as part of a large estate. And the Commissioners might have power to sanction such transfers wherever they were convinced that the benefice ought to go with the estate, and that this was the intention of the two parties to the sale. In some cases, too, men who were interested in certain parishes might be willing to pay the price for the advowsons, and then lodge them in the hands of Trustees for the future. In this way men might obtain a legitimate control in the selection of clergymen, while the conditions of the trust effectually de-

barred them from acquiring a money interest in the patronage. No doubt much ingenuity and watchfulness would be required in dealing with very different cases, but then it is to be hoped that the creation of Commissioners expressly to take the matter in hand would insure that ingenuity and watchfulness would be forthcoming. Nor can any reasonable man doubt but that so it would be.

(2.) The taxation of Church property for a term of years is, I think, inevitable, not so much for the value of the money that would come in, as to make it clear that the clergy were willing to take their share of the burden for the sake of accomplishing a work of infinite moral importance to the national Church. Supposing that each living as it *fell vacant* (together with bishoprics, canonries, and the rest) were taxed for thirty years at an average of 10*l.* each per annum (the smaller livings being taxed at a proportionately lower rate than the larger), the total sum raised would be 4,000,000*l.*, or more. It is true that a great number of years would elapse before all the money would be paid in, but then, on the other hand, the clergy might be encouraged to compound by a payment made at once. The immense advantage of such a tax would be that the Commissioners would always have something certain to rely on, and could borrow money upon the security of the tax. It might indeed very possibly turn out that there was no occasion to collect the whole or indeed any part of the tax so levied, but it is very difficult to foresee how things would turn out. It belongs to this part of our subject to add that the State should lend money at 3 per cent upon the simple ground that abolition of purchase was a great public benefit.

(3.) By redemption I mean that the livings themselves might be taxed to raise part of the money required by the Commissioners to purchase the advowson. For instance, large livings might almost, if not entirely, be made to redeem themselves by taxing them heavily for thirty years, especially if money were lent by the State at 3 per cent. Thus in the case



of a living of 600*l.* per annum bought for 5,000*l.*, and given to an incumbent under engagement to pay 300*l.* to the Commissioners for thirty or forty years, it is clear that the said incumbent would be very little worse off on his remaining 300*l.* than if, as he would have to do under the present system, he received 600*l.* per annum, but paid 5,000*l.* for it. Then, too, the larger the living was the more easy it would be to redeem by alienating part of its property for ever: thus large sums might be obtained for glebe now let at a small rental. Lastly, small livings might be dealt with, with great advantage to themselves, by being joined together, either permanently or until the redemption money was paid. Thus a clergyman with a living small both in population and value might be exceedingly glad to take charge of another living, also small, for half its income, leaving the other half to pay the redemption: or, still better, there are numerous cases where it would be a simple act of charity to extinguish small livings by adding the work, and as much of the pay as could be saved after redemption, to an adjacent living. In the case of tiny parishes near towns, and in the case of small parishes within towns, this would be easy enough. The waste of power in placing clergymen to look after a few score of people for a few score of pounds is really terrible; the men are starved both in body and soul for want of means and for want of work. This belongs indeed more properly to our second point, but it has been incidentally raised here. No one can estimate how large a readjustment of small livings might be made by a Commission appointed for the purpose. There are some 2,500 livings under 300 population, 1,500, or thereabouts, being also under 200*l.* in value. Comparatively few are perhaps in private gift, but there would still remain a fair proportion of benefices, both of small and great value, that could thus be made to pay towards their own redemption.

(4.) But supposing all these means of raising money so far fail, that the Commissioners find themselves obliged to

take over a benefice, to pay for which they have no funds in hand, what is to be done then? The hasty answer might be given, that in such a case there would be no choice but to allow the living to be sold as usual to a private tutor, and to hope that so extreme a case might not frequently occur. But experience shows that extreme cases always do occur by a kind of natural law, where no provision has been made to meet them. Moreover, unless the public mind was definitely assured that purchase would cease within a given period, the zeal and resoluteness upon which the whole scheme ultimately depends would soon begin to flag, and another comparatively useless Act of Parliament would adorn the Statute Book. How then shall this final difficulty be surmounted?

Let us remember that there are a large number of clergymen who would, in the ordinary course of things, have livings bought for them. They are men, for the most part, of perfectly unexceptionable character, and as they entered into Holy Orders with the belief that purchase would be continued, they have a claim to some reasonable consideration. My proposal then is this: In the cases above mentioned, the Commissioners might be allowed to sell the next presentation of livings which they could not redeem in other ways to these men. The rules under which this took place would be of the most stringent character. Thus it would be allowed only once in the case of each living, so that purchase would cease once for all after the induction of the new presentee. Clergymen wishing to purchase would have to signify their intention to the Bishop a certain time beforehand, and then the livings would be offered to them according to their seniority in the list. Thus the haggling for a particular living would be avoided. Moreover, strict testimonials from the Bishop as to character and qualifications would be required, and thus the evils of the purchase system would be, as far as possible, minimized during the short time it was still permitted to exist.

The financial effect of this plan is

obvious. Instead of being obliged to raise the full value of the advowson, the Commissioners would only be called upon to find the amount that represents the difference between an advowson and a next presentation with immediate vacancy. I do not know what this would be in the very altered state of things that would then prevail, but I should imagine that the temporary rush for next presentations would be so great, owing to the approaching termination of the purchase system, that the amount paid by the new presentees would be two-thirds, or three-fourths, of the amount paid to the owners of the old advowson. It is, however, impossible to adjust details till the whole matter has been made the subject of thorough inquiry by a Royal Commission; but enough has, I hope, been said to show that we have in this, and other methods that would be suggested, a solution of the whole financial question. Only once get renewed diocesan life and organization, and the duty of extinguishing purchase

within the limits of the diocese would be recognized as imperative. But this is a distinct question: for the present I am content to have shown, as I think I have done, that there are no financial difficulties which a statesman, desirous to do his best for the Church of England, would find insuperable. Would that a certain financial genius could be got to take the matter in hand!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written the Bishop of Peterborough has made a movement in the direction of Reform Patronage. He proposes to abolish the sale of next Presentations, but not to interfere with the sale of advowsons. A curious spectacle, and eminently suggestive of the difficulties through which in England reforms struggle into existence. But one remark seems necessary. Reform of Patronage can only be carried by arousing popular feeling to deal with plain moral abuses. Fancy public opinion in England applying itself seriously to distinguish between the enormous sin of buying a next Presentation and the venial transaction of buying an advowson with a prospect of immediate possession, and the right to sell over again as soon as possession was secured. It is not thus that the Church will be reformed or saved.

## TO "THE UNRETURNING BRAVE"

*Ashantee War, March, 1874.*

Yours not the laurel from a grateful land,  
 Yours not the passing triumph of the hour,  
 Yours not the welcome from a loving hand,  
 Yours not the glad return in pride and power.  
 A tenderer thought is yours ; a deeper glow,  
 Shed o'er the silent mysteries of doom,  
 Shall gather to itself the tears of woe,  
 And melt within its rays the chill of gloom.  
 Spirits ! that linger on a distant shore,  
 Hear ye the rolling message of the foam ?  
 Where, 'mid the ocean murmurs of "No more !"

Mingles your tribute—of a sigh from home.  
 One sigh soft stealing from the loud acclaim,  
 That hails your fellows in proud honour's toil,  
 Shall keep the fond memorial of each name  
 Left in lone glory on an alien soil,  
 A land of darkness and of crime,—yet now  
 The gleam that rests upon a soldier's grave  
 Hallows the spot, and circles o'er the brow  
 Of England's dead—her unreturning brave.

L. G. H.

## THE HOMES OF THE LONDON POOR.

As some of the readers of this paper will know, it is now many years since I first began to interest myself in the condition of the houses in which the London poor are lodged, and the best means of making them cleaner and more wholesome than at present.

For a long time I hoped for success in this matter, chiefly from the gradual spread of individual interest and effort in the work, and the extension from street to street and from court to court of something like the system which I and my fellow-workers had inaugurated in the houses committed to our charge. But in the course of last year I for the first time began thoroughly to realize the enormous magnitude of the problem which must be dealt with, and the small progress which up to that time had been made in solving it. Moreover it had become clear to me that there were obstacles to the successful prosecution of the work in certain courts and districts which neither Societies nor individuals could, as things at present stand, hope to overcome. Perhaps a few examples of where the present machinery fails will illustrate my meaning better than general statements of principles.

I have lately been asked to take charge of some people and houses in a court in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. For some years this court has been in the possession of a company which has done its utmost in the way of expenditure to make the houses healthy and comfortable; but the directors thought the tenants would gain something if I and my fellow-workers undertook the collection of rents, and thereby brought personal influence and care to bear upon the tenants. I went to the court to see what we could do further for the people and place. It is entered by a low archway under a house in a principal

street, and has of course no roadway for carriages; nor is there any exit at the end of it, a house which faces you as you enter the court blocking up the way. The court itself is 10 feet wide. It contains houses of four, six, and eight rooms. These have each a little back yard, in which are placed the dust-bin and water-closet, and the cistern to supply drinking water. Exclusive of the ground covered by these, the yard is only three feet in length by four in breadth.

Immediately behind these small yards rise the back walls of houses which are in some cases much taller than the houses in the court, and make the back yards like wells into which the sun's light can rarely if ever penetrate. From these wells of yards the back rooms and staircases draw their only light, dim even at mid-day when the sun shines brightly. I looked eagerly out for ways of increasing air and light, at least on staircases, which ought to be shafts of pure air to refresh the rooms so often kept shut up, so full of unclean stuffy furniture, bedding, and clothes, so full of people exhausting the air. But all that was possible had been done: there was a window on every landing, and though I at once saw that we could get the tenants to keep these clean instead of leaving black strings of dirt on every pane, and heaped accumulations of dirt on every ledge, yet most of the windows were wide open, so no cleanliness would increase the feeble gleam of light which was all that could descend between the high houses and surrounding walls; nor could any draught of fresh air ever find entrance there. The houses all round belonged to owners who had no interest in awarding a larger share of light and air to the dwellers in the court. Nor was there any means of compelling them to do so, since no Building Act lays down the amount of distance which must be

allowed between the walls of buildings which have stood where they do now for many years. All that private effort unaided by statutory power could do to minimise the evil had been or might be done. The intelligent and liberal owners of the court have done all they could to improve it. I, for my part, was ready to enlist the sympathy and educational influence of ladies who would train the people to cleanliness and order; but who among us could ever move back that great wall which overshadowed the little houses, and made twilight at mid-day? Who could give space to move the water further from the dust-bins, and the drains further from the ground-floor windows? Who could remove the house at the entrance under which the archway passed, or that at the end, and let a free current of air sweep through the closed court? None of us. I was not surprised to hear that low fever was often there. I said to a woman, "You've a good deal of low fever down here." "Oh, no," she replied, "not now; it *was* bad, but two died opposite last Tuesday, and two at the end on Saturday: we've not much now." "Not much!" I thought to myself as I walked sadly away.

Again, there was a court in Marylebone full of wild, quarrelsome, dirty Irish, a sort of sink into which the lowest people drifted when misfortune or wrongdoing were worst, and from which they rarely rose again. It belonged to a man who would not sell, and did not care to improve the condition of his people. At last, one day I happened to go down the court and saw, to my inexpressible joy, a great bill on one house, "To be sold by Auction." There was but one clear day to learn value, see lawyers, and surveyors; but it was all done, and the lease of the house was bought by a gentleman who put it under our control.

A friend undertook the management of the house. Business takes her down there continually; she gets to know the people; she spends the money received for the rents, after all expenses and interest on capital have been paid,

in improving the house. Water has been laid on, a new cistern placed instead of the defective and unhealthy water-butt. Those leading immoral lives are made either to reform or go. The elder girls are gathering round my friend and beginning to feel her influence; she takes them flowers; she is training one or two for service. But she came to me one day with a grave face and told me about the old woman who lives in the back parlour. She is very old, and has very bad rheumatism. No wonder, for the wall against which her bed stands—the only wall against which it can stand—is so damp that the water oozes out in large drops, not only at the bottom, but for three or four feet above the floor. I went down at once to examine and inquire. "All the houses are alike all down the court," said an old man. "It can't be helped. In my parlour I've put up match-boarding; it's ground-damp, and nothing can't be done." It was but too true. All the houses were alike, and it was ground-damp. But unwilling to adopt the match-board plan, which hides, but does not cure the damp, I asked an architect to go and see whether by under-pinning the wall and putting in some non-porous substance, the damp might be prevented from rising. This he agreed was the only radical cure, but the under-pinning would cost very nearly as much as the lease had. Moreover, what was worse, the house was old and probably would not stand it. The only means of meeting the difficulty was to rebuild; and whatever we ourselves may resolve to do in this particular instance, in most such cases nothing effectual would be done. The cost of rebuilding would have to be borne by individual leaseholders, whose term is often short, and who are frequently poor men; and sanitary inspectors naturally shrink from enforcing the law except in the most extreme instances. A house may be condemned and pulled down under Mr. Torrens's Act; but that Act gives no power of compensating the owner, nor does it empower any public body compulsorily to acquire the different



interests in defective houses, though, in the absence of some such power, it is often practically impossible to satisfy all persons interested so as to get hold of the house and effect the desired reform.

Again, there are many houses which it would be most desirable in the interests of the class which inhabits them to buy and renovate: but which, on account of defects, or even absence of title, no person or company intending to lay out money in improvements would ever venture to purchase. A man is found in possession who is willing to sell, but has no title-deeds. Such a person of course cares only to collect the rents, and carefully abstains from spending anything on the property for fear of losing the value of his improvements, should any one with a better title appear. I have met with many properties which I should have been glad to get under my care, but which difficulties of this nature have kept me from buying.

I was led more particularly to consider how these and similar obstacles could be overcome, and also to realize more clearly how little had hitherto been done by existing agencies, when acting as member of a committee called together last year by the Council of the Charity Organization Society to consider the best means of improving the dwellings of the poor in London. Two facts which specially impressed me came out before that committee. All the Societies, and all private persons whom the committee could hear of as having done any considerable work in building or adapting houses for the London poor, were asked to send in returns of the number housed by them. Information was received from numerous sources, including the Peabody Trust, Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts. It was startling to find that since the Metropolitan Association, which was the first to begin the work, commenced its operations some thirty years ago, it and its successors had provided accommodation for only 26,000 people—not a great deal more than half the number which is yearly added to the population of London!

And further, it came out that the difficulty in obtaining satisfactory sites was such that Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company had a large amount of capital in hand which they could not employ for want of suitable ground. And this while capitalists who care nothing and know nothing of their property are making money out of houses which are a curse to the neighbourhood.

But while we saw how much there was to do, and how little comparatively had yet been done, and how hard it was to devise adequate remedies, we were cheered by hearing that one great city had already faced and overcome difficulties like our own. We heard of an Act passed in the year 1866 for the improvement of the city of Glasgow, and the Lord Provost was kind enough to come and give us information as to the nature and the working of that Act.<sup>1</sup>

He said that in Glasgow the population had long been living huddled together in masses—50,000 people being crowded into eighty acres. Many of the houses had been without sufficient air or light, and many had been mere dens of thieves and paupers. The promoters of the Act had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to root out the evil, and had applied to Parliament for power to borrow a million and a quarter; had marked the bad parts on a plan, and had obtained powers to pull down and rebuild or sell, as might be thought best; in fact, entirely to change the place. They had got liberty to impose a rate of sixpence in the pound, but had only found this necessary the first year; it had then been reduced to fourpence for two years, then to threepence, and they were now, he hoped, about to reduce it to twopence. They had employed a surveyor quietly to buy up a large amount of property before they did anything, as the prices would have risen if they had begun to improve before completing their purchases. They had succeeded with scarcely any dia-

<sup>1</sup> What follows is condensed from a report of the Lord Provost's speech, which appeared in the *Charity Organization Reporter* of the 14th May, 1873.

putes in buying property to the amount of one million, and had resold, at a profit, upwards of 300,000*l.* worth, selling the sites under restrictions for building. Fever houses had been removed, streets widened, and new thoroughfares run through the mass of buildings. Those to whom the working of the Act had been entrusted had not gone on the principle of building themselves; it had been sufficient to let the public know that houses were wanted—builders had rushed in and had built whole streets. Under their general Acts there was power to demolish only when a house was unsafe, not when it was in a bad sanitary condition; consequently nothing could have been done without the powers of compulsory purchase and compensation given them by the Act of 1866. The trustees were restricted by the Act from removing more than 500 of the population at once, without a certificate from the sheriff that accommodation was obtainable; but, in fact, houses had been built to accommodate nearly double the number removed. The loss before commencing had been estimated at 200,000*l.*, but he did not now put it at more than 50,000*l.*, and even hoped to lose nothing by the work, though the expenses had been heavy—the cost of the Bill and Parliamentary notices to occupiers having been 17,000*l.* The effect on the town generally was very beneficial. The houses of bad fame were reduced fifteen per cent., the haunts of thieves and of disease were broken up, the whisky-shops had been reduced in number, and there was moral as well as physical improvement.

The importance of the precedent thus furnished was obvious and immense. The committee at once felt that here was the desired solution. If powers of compulsory purchase, such as had been given to Glasgow, such as are given every day to Railway Companies, such as are conferred on the Metropolitan Board of Works, when streets are to be widened, or new thoroughfares made, could be vested in a body representing the ratepayers of all London, there would be some chance of effectu-

ally grappling with the evil in its entirety. Such a body might destroy houses, re-let sites to builders or building companies, who would undertake to provide suitable dwellings; or should none such be forthcoming, might, in the last resort, itself undertake the task of rebuilding. It was suggested at the committee, that the absence of any municipal government for London, analogous to that of Glasgow and other large towns, would be a difficulty; but they were unwilling to postpone action until the very difficult task of organizing a municipal government for London should be achieved; and they thought that the necessary powers might be entrusted to the Corporation in the City, and to the Metropolitan Board of Works in the remainder of London, for the present. Should the whole of London ever come to be governed by one central authority, the work and powers of the separate bodies might be handed over to the new governing power.

The Committee drew up and published a Report embodying this view, and have since presented to the Home Secretary a memorial, expressive of their hope that the Government will take some action in the matter, and introduce a bill into Parliament containing provisions calculated to remedy the existing evils. But while I feel sure that the matter is in the hands of men who will not willingly let it drop, I feel also that at the present time it is important that every means should be taken to interest the public on the subject, and generate that force of opinion which makes realities of great projects. Feeling this, I hoped that a visit to Glasgow, and a report of what I found there, might do something to bring home to that large body of people, who find blue-books and reports unreadable, some notion of what has been done in Scotland, and might be done in our own London.

I went, therefore, to Glasgow, and at once put myself into communication with the leaders of the movement there; and the first thing they showed me was the plan of the city as it was

when the Act was passed, and photographs of some of the buildings which they had pulled down under its provisions. The unhealthiness and overcrowding must, I think, have been even worse there than in London. The "wynds," as they call them there, were at least as narrow as the London courts. Like them, they were often blocked up at one end, so as completely to stop the free passage of air. But I saw there—what I have seldom or never seen in London—a perfect honeycomb or maze of buildings, where, to reach the "wynd" furthest from the street, one had to pass under archway after archway built under the houses, and leading from one squalid court into another. Some of these narrow tunnel-like passages appeared from the plans to have been many yards in length. The houses too were higher than is usual in London alleys, and the darkness and obscurity consequently greater. There was another feature completely new to me, and which certainly does not exist in London. Here and there, running up between house and house, were narrow crevices, from six to twelve inches wide, and from these the back rooms in some houses drew their only light. The existence of these crevices was explained to me in different ways. Some people said they represented spaces once occupied by garden walls, on which neither of the adjacent owners had a right to build; others, that the space was left that the eaves of each owner's house might drip on his own ground, and not on his neighbour's; and this latter explanation seems to be borne out by the common name of "dreepings," or "wastings" applied to these crannies. At any rate, there they are on the official plans, and I saw the remains of them on the spot—narrow spaces, making houses better no doubt at first than if they had been built back to back, with no through draught. But when the habits of the people were dirty, and they threw things out of the windows, these dreepings being far too narrow to be cleansed in any way, became receptacles where every kind of fever-breeding

substance must gradually have decayed, carrying disease in every breath of air. As I looked over the official photographs of these "wynds," dark and dirty, and in every way degraded, and the Chairman and Secretary of the Trust which has had the working of the Act kept saying, "This is still standing—but *that* is gone," and "That is taken away, and that and that comes down next month," I could not help feeling how proud and glad these men must be to have achieved such reforms; and the longing rose strong in me that some one some day in London might be able thus to point to the sites of the old fever-dens, and say, "They are gone."

The next morning I went to see what remains of the old "wynds" and closes. I found that here and there a house, here and there whole sides of a close or alley, had been taken down, to let in the brightening influence of sun and air. The haggard, wretched population which usually huddles into dark out-of-the-way places, was swarming over the vacant ground for years unvisited by sun and wind. Children were playing in open spaces who had never, I should think, had space to play in before. I felt as if some bright and purifying angel had laid a mighty finger on the squalid and neglected spot. Those open spaces, those gleams of sunlight, those playing children, seemed earnest of better things to come—of better days in store. Of how bad things had been, of how bad they still were, I had curious proof. In some of the courts immense iron gates were standing, chained open when I saw them, but evidently capable when closed of entirely barring the thoroughfare. As they seemed to have been recently put up, I naturally asked why they were there. I was told that when houses were removed which had previously blocked up one end of a "wynd," the thieves who haunt these places took advantage of the passage thus opened to elude pursuit. To remedy this the gates were put up: they are closed and locked at dusk, but the police have a master-key, so that they can pass through to pursue, while the

fugitives are hampered in their efforts to escape. Merely to break in upon these nests of thieves cannot but be a great good. Some kind of wrong is not decreased by scattering it, but dishonesty thrives most, when fostered in such dens. The near presence of honest, respectable neighbours makes habitual thieving impossible; just as dirty people are shamed into cleanliness when scattered among orderly, decent folk, and brought into the presence of the light.

I found that the new dwellings for the poor, which the demolition of their old quarters had rendered necessary, had for the most part been built, not on the old sites, but in the suburbs, upon land bought for that purpose by the trustees of the Act, and by them leased to builders, who were bound to erect workmen's tenements. These new dwellings were of a type superior to those previously inhabited by artisans in the city, and they have accordingly largely resorted there, leaving their old abodes to be occupied by those displaced from the demolished "wynds" and courts. It is of course far better that the new houses should be thus erected by people who take up the work as a commercial enterprise than by any municipal body or benevolent society; and the framers of the Act had hoped that this would be done. But to secure the Act from failing of its object powers were conferred on the trustees which enabled them to undertake the work of reconstruction should they find it necessary. But it was not necessary: speculators readily came forward, and building of new dwellings by private enterprise more than kept pace with the removal of the old houses. This prompt supply of substituted houses must have tended to prevent the rise in prices which might otherwise have occurred had the displaced population been left—as they have too often been left in London when large blocks of houses have been removed—to compete for lodgings in neighbourhoods already overcrowded.

Moreover, in Glasgow special care has been taken to enforce laws against over-

crowding; and, as already mentioned, the special Act most wisely provides that not more than 500 people shall be removed in six months, unless the sheriff issue a certificate that he has been satisfied that enough houses are standing empty to lodge the displaced population. This provision, I was assured, had been rigidly complied with.

Glasgow, then, has not only got an Improvement Act, but has carried it into effect in such a way as to bring about the entire sanitary reform of the city. Now, are there any difficulties which should hinder London from achieving a like success? There is but one point of difference likely, as it appears to me, vitally to affect the question, and that is the great distance of our suburbs from some of the most crowded districts. In Glasgow, as I have said, cheap land could be had in the outskirts, and within a mile of the "wynds" which had to be destroyed. The workmen who went to live there are not too far from their work, and are easily and cheaply transported to and fro by the numerous tramway cars which run into the very heart of the city. But our suburbs are too far away, for us to hope that the majority of our poor, or even of our skilled workmen, can live there. Many might go—perhaps we hardly realize how many. For these, of course, workmen's trains and tramways should be encouraged, and will no doubt be provided as the suburban population increases. Extension of the number of compulsory workmen's trains and enforcement of an earlier hour for their arrival at the terminus might be advisable. We may also hope something from the decentralization of industry, and the likelihood of factories following workmen to the suburbs if it become easier to get hands there. But when all this is granted to the full, there would remain, at least for many years, a certain number—I believe a very large number—who must live near their work, and whose work must be in London. How are the wants of these to be met? The difficulty is the greater because they are

likely to be the poorest. Those who earn high wages can afford to pay for trains and trams; they have shorter and more fixed hours for work, and do not need to ingulf all their families in the vortex of labour, but can leave their wives and children in suburban houses. But the widowed charwoman, obliged to run home and get the children's dinner, the dock-labourer, the costermonger, how shall their needs be met? For these and many others cheap dwellings would have to be provided in the neighbourhood of their present homes.

The problem is, how to do this without either raising the rents to a prohibitory height, or committing the fatal mistake of attempting to house a large population by charity. Now, numerous experiences have convinced me that houses may be bought, pulled down, and rebuilt, and the rooms in the new buildings let at less than the rent which was paid in the original houses, and yet a return of 5% per cent net profit be made to the landlord on all moneys laid out, whether in purchase, demolition, or building operations.<sup>1</sup> This result has been repeatedly achieved under conditions in many respects less favourable than those which would often be present when people were working on a large scale, and with greater areas to deal with. For instance, where the houses were of two storeys only the height could be raised, and the accommodation, and consequently the rental, increased: whilst in covering large spaces with buildings constructed on a regular and systematic plan, much space would be gained which is at present wasted, owing to the fact that streets have been built and houses run up in a haphazard way, and at different times.

<sup>1</sup> I give my latest experience of this kind here. Some houses lately purchased in a crowded court, the rooms of which were let at an average rental of 3s. 0½d., have just been rebuilt, and are let at an average rent of 2s. 7½d. a room, though many conveniences have been provided which were lacking in the old habitations, and there are no longer any rooms underground. The rents in many of the improved buildings seem higher in proportion than they are, because people compare a set of new rooms with a single old room.

How strikingly the case this sometimes is will appear from a statement of the Metropolitan Dwellings Association, that, "while the population of Westminster (the most densely populated part of the metropolis) is only 235 persons to an acre, they can house 1,000 persons to the acre, including in the area the large courtyards and gardens attached to their blocks."<sup>1</sup>

But supposing that to pull down and rebuild houses on an improved plan is not so expensive and wasteful as might at first sight be supposed, would it not be unwise to put half London into the hands of public authorities, and make them responsible for the building, management, supervision, and leasing of hundreds and thousands of houses? The answer is easy! Though it might be prudent to put into the Improvement Act clauses which would empower the municipal authorities to rebuild should no other agency come forward, yet the experience of Glasgow, as well as the probabilities of the matter, suggest that other agencies would come forward, and that private enterprise would be sure to do all that was wanted. As soon as the ground was cleared—perhaps even before it was cleared,—companies and private builders would see their way to a profitable undertaking, and, as at Glasgow (where by the way there are no philanthropic building societies), would soon come in and replace the condemned dwellings by buildings of the kind required.

And now I have little more to say, except to make one or two suggestions which may perhaps throw some light on the problem of reconstruction, and the way in which it must be worked out.

One great element of cost in building a London house is the expense of the site. In some parts of the town each square inch has its price. To use the space acquired to the best advantage, and with the strictest economy compatible with due regard to sanitary re-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted, with confirmatory evidence in the Report of the Dwellings Committee of the Charity Organization Society, p. 11. Longmans.



quirements, must be the first object of the builder; and in considering how to secure this end, we must remember that frontage to a thoroughfare is a great element in determining price. The sites, therefore, which abut upon the busier streets must not be used for the dwellings of the poor, if their rents are to be kept sufficiently low; and yet the poor often require to be lodged in the immediate neighbourhood of these streets. We have also to remember that in most cases the houses in the main thoroughfares would not have to be disturbed, and that consequently the lines of London, as it stands at present, would be to a great extent left unchanged.

But we perpetually find in crowded parts of London blocks of houses built something after this fashion: we have first of all a square of larger houses facing four streets. These once had gardens, yards, or spaces at the back; but as land became more valuable these have been built over, usually with much lower houses, to which access is gained by a narrow passage from one or more of the thoroughfares, sometimes open to the sky, sometimes a mere tunnel under the house. It is these inner and lower houses which usually form the alleys and courts, and would be the proper subjects of demolition; but the space gained by their destruction could not be effectively used unless power were given to break through the inclosing lines of overshadowing houses, and make a way for the free passage of air. For this purpose power would have to be taken not only over the houses whose state and position rendered their removal imperative or advisable, but also over so many of the more substantial houses as would need to be pulled down for the benefit of their humbler neighbours. Then, supposing our square space cleared and its approaches unroofed and widened, we shall use it to the best advantage by substituting for several courts of low houses without well-planned relations to one another or

to the houses in main thoroughfares, a single line or block of central dwellings. These must be much higher than the buildings they replace, so as to accommodate the same number of people, while leaving ample space between the inner block and the encircling shops and dwellings which face the streets.

But it is still probable, when all is done, that the poor may have to pay a little more for the substituted houses than they pay for their present dwellings, if sanitary reformers and philanthropic enthusiasts insist on elaborate appliances, costly to erect and costly also to keep in order. To these latter I say: Do not aim too high. Be thankful to make any reasonable progress. It is far better to prove that you can provide a tolerable tenement which will pay, than a perfect one which will not. The one plan will be adopted, and will lead to great results, the other will remain an isolated and unfruitful experiment, a warning to all who cannot or will not lose money. If you mean to provide for the family that has lived hitherto in one foul dark room, with rotten boards saturated with dirt, with vermin in the walls, damp plaster, smoky chimney, approached by a dark and dangerous staircase, in a house with no through ventilation or back-yard, with old brick drains and broken-down water-butt without a lid; be thankful if you can secure for the same rent even one room in a new, clean, pure house. Do not insist on a supply of water on every floor, or a separate wash-house for each family, with its greatly-increased expense of water-pipes and drainage. Build a large laundry common to the house, and in other ways moderate your desires somewhat to suit the income of your tenant. Give him by all means as much as you can for his money, but do not house him by charity, or you will house few but him, and discourage instead of stimulating others to build for the poor.

OCTAVIA HILL.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.<sup>1</sup>

MR. FORSYTH's bill for removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, the second reading of which is at hand, has received less attention than the subject deserves. The Residuum was enfranchised for the sake of its vote by the leaders of a party which for a series of years had been denouncing any extension of the suffrage, even to the most intelligent artisans, on the ground that it would place political power in unfit hands. An analogous stroke of strategy, it seems, is now meditated by the same tacticians in the case of Female Suffrage, the motion in favour of which is brought forward by one of their supporters, and has already received the adhesion of their chief. The very foundations of Society are touched when Party tampers with the relations of the sexes.

In England the proposal at present is to give the suffrage only to unmarried women being householders. But the drawing of this hard-and-fast line is at the outset contested by the champions of Women's Rights; and it seems impossible that the distinction should be maintained. The lodger-franchise is evidently the vanishing point of the feudal connection between political privilege and the possession of houses or land. The suffrage will become personal in England, as it has elsewhere. If a property qualification remains, it will be one embracing all kinds of property: money settled on a married woman for her separate use, as well as the house or lodgings occupied by a widow or a spinster. In the counties already, married women have qualifications in the form of land settled to their separate use; and the notion that a spinster in lodgings is specially entitled to the suffrage as the head of a household, is one of those pieces of metaphysics in which the

politicians who affect to scorn anything metaphysical are apt themselves unwarily to indulge. If the present motion is carried, the votes of the female householders, with that system of election pledges which is now enabling minorities, and even small minorities, to control national legislation, will form the crowbar by which the next barrier will be speedily forced.

Marriage itself, as it raises the position of a woman in the eyes of all but the very radical section of the Woman's Right party, could hardly be treated as politically penal. And yet an Act conferring the suffrage on married women would probably be the most momentous step that could be taken by any legislature, since it would declare the family not to be a political unit, and for the first time authorize a wife, and make it in certain cases her duty as a citizen, to act publicly in opposition to her husband. Those at least who hold the family to be worth as much as the state will think twice before they concur in such a change.

With the right of electing must ultimately go the right of being elected. The contempt with which the candidature of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for the Presidency was received by some of the advocates of Female Suffrage in America only showed that they had not considered the consequences of their own principles. Surely she who gives the mandate is competent herself to carry it. Under the parliamentary system, whatever the forms and phrases may be, the constituencies are the supreme arbiters of the national policy, and decide not only who shall be the legislators, but what shall be the course of legislation. They have long virtually appointed the Ministers, and now they appoint them actually. Twice the Government has been changed by a plebiscite, and on the second occa-

<sup>1</sup> A few paragraphs in this paper have already appeared in a Transatlantic periodical.

sion the Budget was submitted to the constituencies as directly as ever it was to the House of Commons. There may be some repugnance, natural or traditional, to be overcome in admitting women to seats in Parliament; but there is also some repugnance to be overcome in throwing them into the turmoil of contested elections, in which, as soon as Female Suffrage is carried, some ladies will unquestionably claim their part.

There are members of Parliament who shrink from the step which they are now urged to take, but who fancy that they have no choice left them because the municipal franchise has already been conceded. The municipal franchise was no doubt intended to be the thin end of the wedge. Nevertheless there is a wide step between this and the national franchise; between allowing female influence to prevail in the disposition of school rates, or other local rates, and allowing it to prevail in the supreme government of the country. To see that it is so, we have only to imagine the foreign policy of England determined by the women, while that of other countries is determined by the men; and this in the age of Bismarck.

The writer of this paper himself once signed a petition for Female Household Suffrage got up by Mr. Mill. He has always been for enlarging the number of active citizens as much as possible, and widening the basis of government, in accordance with the maxim, which seems to him the sum of political philosophy, "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all parts and members of the commonwealth to the common good." He had not, when he signed the petition, seen the public life of women in the United States. But he was led to reconsider what he had done, and prevented from going further, by finding that the movement was received with mistrust by some of the best and most sensible women of his acquaintance, who feared that their most valuable privileges, and the deepest sources of their happiness, were being jeopardized to gratify the political aspirations of a few of their

sex. For the authority of Mr. Mill, in all cases where his judgment was unclouded, the writer felt and still feels great respect. But since that time, Mr. Mill's autobiography has appeared, and has revealed the history of his extraordinary and almost portentous education, the singular circumstances of his marriage, his hallucination (for it surely can be called nothing less) as to the unparalleled genius of his wife, and peculiarities of character and temperament such as could not fail to prevent him from fully appreciating the power of influences which, whatever our philosophy may say, reign and will continue to reign supreme over questions of this kind. To him marriage was a union of two philosophers in the pursuit of truth; and in his work on the position and destiny of women, not only does he scarcely think of children, but sex and its influences seem hardly to be present to his mind. Of the distinctive excellence and beauty of the female character it does not appear that he had formed any idea, though he dilates on the special qualities of the female mind.

Mr. Mill has allowed us to see that his opinions as to the political position of women were formed early in his life, probably before he had studied history rationally, perhaps before the rational study of history had even come into existence. The consequence, with all deference to his great name be it said, is that his historical presentment of the case is fundamentally unsound. He and his disciples represent the lot of the woman as having always been determined by the will of the man, who, according to them, has willed that she should be the slave, and that he should be her master and her tyrant. "Society, both in this (the case of marriage) and other cases, has preferred to attain its object by foul rather than by fair means; but this is the only case in which it has substantially persisted in them even to the present day." This is Mr. Mill's fundamental assumption; and from it, as every rational student of history is now aware, conclusions utterly erroneous as well as injurious to humanity must

flow. The lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree. The lot both of the man and the woman has been determined from age to age by circumstances over which the will of neither of them had much control, and which neither could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Mr. Mill, and those who with him assume that the man has always willed that he should himself enjoy political rights, and that the woman should be his slave, forget that it is only in a few countries that man does enjoy political rights; and that, even in those few countries, freedom is the birth almost of yesterday. It may probably be said that the number of men who have really and freely exercised the suffrage up to the present time is not much greater than the number of those who have in different ages, and in various ways, laid down their lives or made personal sacrifices of other kinds in bringing the suffrage into existence.

In the early stages of civilization the family was socially and legally as well as politically a unit. Its head represented the whole household before the tribe, the state, and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members, male as well as female, over his sons as well as over his wife and daughters. On the death of the head of a family his eldest son stepped into his place, and became the representative and protector of the whole household, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system, long retained in conservative Rome, was there the source of the national respect for authority, and, by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community, of the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that authorized a Tudor queen to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it,

the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was devised by the male sex for the gratification of their own tyrannical propensities would be most absurd. It was at least as much a necessity to the primitive woman as it was to the primitive man. It is still a necessity to woman in the countries where the primitive type of society remains. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin, if she were suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband?

That the present relation of women to their husbands literally has its origin in slavery, and is a hideous relic of that system, is a theory which Mr. Mill sets forth in language such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, would turn all affection to bitterness, and divide every household against itself. Yet this theory is without historical foundation. It seems, indeed, like a figure of invective heedlessly converted into history. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the women was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the slave. The lot of Sarah is different from that of Hagar; the authority of Hector over Andromache is absolute, yet no one can confound her position with that of her handmaidens. The Roman matron who sent her slave to be crucified, the Southern matron who was the fierce supporter of slavery, were not themselves slaves. Whatever may now be obsolete in the relations of husband and wife is not a relic of slavery, but of primitive marriage, and may be regarded as at worst an arrangement once indispensable which has survived its hour. Where real slavery has existed, it has extended to both sexes, and it has ceased for both at the same time. Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the worst condition in which the sex has ever been, has its root, not in the slave-owning propensity so much as in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an

element of affection. The most beautiful building in the East is that in which Shah Jehan rests by the side of Nourmahal.

If the calm and philosophic nature of Mr. Mill is ever betrayed into violence, it is in his denunciations of the present institution of marriage. He depicts it as a despotism full of mutual degradation, and fruitful of no virtues or affections except the debased virtues and the miserable affections of the master and the slave. The grossest and most degrading terms of Oriental slavery are used to designate the relations of husband and wife throughout the whole book. A husband who desires his wife's love is merely seeking "to have, in the woman most nearly connected with him, not a forced slave, but a willing one—not a slave merely, but a favourite." Husbands have therefore "put everything in practice to enslave the minds of their wives." If a wife is intensely attached to her husband, "exactly as much may be said of domestic slavery." "It is part of the irony of life that the strongest feelings of devoted gratitude of which human nature seems to be susceptible are called forth in human beings towards those who, having the power entirely to crush their earthly existence, voluntarily refrain from using their power." Even children are only links in the chain of bondage. By the affections of women "are meant the only ones they are allowed to have—those to the men with whom they are connected, or to the children who constitute an additional and indefeasible tie between them and a man." The Jesuit is an object of sympathy because he is the enemy of the domestic tyrant, and it is assumed that the husband can have no motive but the love of undivided tyranny for objecting to being superseded by an intriguing interloper in his wife's affections. As though a wife would regard with complacency, say a female spiritualist, installed beside her hearth. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Mill's views, in writing such passages, were coloured by the incidents of his life. But it is by cir-

culating his book and propagating his notions that the petitions in favour of Female Suffrage have been obtained.

The anomalies in the property law affecting married women, to which remedial legislation has recently been directed, are like whatever is obsolete in the relations between the sexes generally, not deliberate iniquities, but survivals. They are relics of feudalism, or of still more primitive institutions incorporated by feudalism; and while the system to which they belonged existed, they were indispensable parts of it, and must have been so regarded by both sexes alike. Any one who is tolerably well informed ought to be ashamed to represent them as the contrivances of male injustice. It is not on one sex only that the relics of feudalism have borne hard.

The exclusion of women from professions is cited as another proof of constant and immemorial injustice. But what woman asked or wished to be admitted to a profession fifty or even five and twenty years ago? What woman till quite recently would have been ready to renounce marriage and maternity in order that she might devote herself to law, medicine, or commercial pursuits? The fact is, the demand is connected with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things. The expensiveness of living, in a country where the fashion is set by millionaires, combined with the overcrowded condition of the very callings to which women are demanding admission, has put extraordinary difficulties in the way of marriage. Many women are thus left without an object in life, and they naturally try to open for themselves some new career. The utmost sympathy is due to them, and every facility ought in justice to be afforded them; though unhappily the addition of fresh competitors for subsistence to a crowd in which literally famine has already been at work, will be as far as possible from removing the real root of the evil; to say nothing of the risk which a woman must run in committing herself irrevocably to a



precarious calling and closing against herself the gate of domestic life. But the demand, as has been already said, is of yesterday, and probably in its serious form is as yet confined to the countries in which the special impediments to early marriages exist. In the United States it is not easy to distinguish the serious demand from a passion for emulating the male sex which has undoubtedly taken possession of some of the women there, as it took possession of women under the Roman empire, who began to play the gladiator when other excitements were exhausted. With regard to the profession of law, indeed, so far as it is concerned with the administration of justice, there is, and, while human emotions retain their force, always will be, a reason, independent of the question of demand, for excluding women, at least for excluding one of the two sexes. The influence of a pretty advocate appealing to a jury, perhaps in behalf of a client of her own sex, would not have seemed to Mr. Mill at all dangerous to the integrity of public justice; but most people, and especially those who have seen anything of sentimental causes in the United States, will probably be of a different opinion.

What has been said as to the professions is equally true of the universities, which, in fact, were schools of the professions. A few years ago, what English girl would have consented to leave her home and mingle with male students? What English girl would have thought it possible that she could go through the whole of the medical course with male companions of her studies? Even now, what is the amount of settled belief in the right, as it is termed, of "co-education?" What would be said to a young man if he presented himself in the name of that right at the door of Vassar, or any female college? Without arraigning the past, those whose duty it is may consider, with the deliberation which they deserve, the two distinct questions, whether it is desirable that the education of both sexes shall be the

same, and whether it is desirable that the young men and the young women of the wealthier classes shall be educated together in the same universities. Beneath the first probably lies the still deeper question whether it is good for humanity that woman, who has hitherto been the helpmate and the complement, should become, as the leaders in the Woman's Right movement in the United States evidently desire, the rival and competitor of man. Both she cannot be; and it is by no means clear that, in deciding which she shall be, the aspirations of the leaders of this movement coincide with the interests of the sex.<sup>1</sup>

If the education of women has hitherto been defective, so has that of men. We are now going to do our best to improve both. Surely no accomplishment in the acquisition of which woman has been condemned to spend her time could well be less useful than that of writing Greek and Latin verses. That the comparative absence of works of creative genius among women is due entirely to the social tyranny which has excluded, or is supposed to have excluded, them from literary and scientific careers, cannot be said to be self-evident. The case of music, often cited, seems to suggest that there is another cause, and that the career of intellectual ambition is in most cases not likely to be happier than that of domestic affection, though this is no reason why the experiment should not be fairly tried. Perhaps the intellectual disabilities under which women have laboured, even in the past, have been somewhat exaggerated. If Shelley was a child to Mrs. Mill, as Mr. Mill says, no "social disabilities" hindered Mrs. Mill from publishing poems which would have eclipsed Shelley. The writer once heard an American lecturer of great eminence confidently ascribe the licen-

<sup>1</sup> The question of Female Education is not here discussed. But the arbiters of that question will do well to bear in mind that the happiness of most women materially depends on their having healthy children; and that children are not likely to be healthy if the brains of both parents are severely tasked.

tiousness of English fiction in the early part of the last century to the exclusion of women from literary life. The lecturer forgot that the most popular novelist of that period, and certainly not the least licentious, was Mrs. Aphra Behn. And this lady's name suggests the remark that as the relations of the sexes have been the most intimate conceivable, the action of character has been reciprocal, and the level of moral ideas and sentiments for both pretty much the same.

Mr. Mill, seeing that the man is the stronger, seems to assume that the relations between man and woman must always have been regulated simply by the law of the strongest. But strength is not tyranny. The protector must always be stronger than the person under his protection. A mother is overwhelmingly superior in strength to her infant child, and the child is completely at her mercy. The very highest conception that humanity has ever formed, whether it be founded in reality or not, is that of power losing itself in affection. This may be said without lapsing into what has been called the religion of inhumanity. St. Paul (who on any hypothesis is an authoritative expositor of the morality which became that of Christendom) preaches Fraternity plainly, and even passionately enough. He affirms with the utmost breadth the essential equality of the sexes, and their necessary relations to each other as the two halves of humanity. Yet he no less distinctly ratifies the unity of the family, the authority of its head, and the female need of personal government; a need which, when it is natural, has nothing in it more degrading than the need of protection.

The "Revolt of Woman" is the name given to the movement by a female writer in America, who, by the way, claims, in virtue of "superior complexity of organization," not only political equality, but absolute supremacy over man. But, in this revolt, to what do the insurgents appeal? To their own strength, or to the justice and affection of man?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have hitherto been, and probably still are, natural affection—the man's need of a helpmate, the woman's need of a protector and provider, especially when she becomes a mother, and the common interest of parents in their children. One of these factors must be withdrawn, or greatly reduced in importance, to warrant us in concluding that a fundamental change in the relation is about to take place. Mr. Mill hardly notices any one of the four, and he treats the natural relation which arises from them as a purely artificial structure, like a paper constitution or an Act of Parliament, which legislatures can modify or abolish at their pleasure.

It has no doubt been far from a satisfactory world to either sex; but unless we attach a factitious value to public life and to the exercise of public professions, it will be very difficult to prove that it has been more unsatisfactory for one sex than the other. If the woman has had her sorrows at home, the man has had his wars and his rough struggles with nature abroad, and with the sweat of his brow he has reclaimed the earth, and made it a habitation for his partner as well as for himself. If the woman has had her disabilities, she has also had her privileges. War has spared her; for if in primitive times she was made a slave, this was better, in the days before sentiment at least, than being massacred. And her privileges have been connected with her disabilities. If she had made war by her vote, she could not have claimed special respect as a neutral, nor will she be able to claim special respect as a neutral if she makes war by her vote hereafter:

In the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to impunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder. A poisoner, whose guilt has been proved by overwhelming evidence, is let off because she is a woman; there is a sentimental scene between her and her advocate in court, and afterwards she appears as a public lecturer. The whisky crusade shows that women are practically above the

law. Rioting, and injury to the property of tradesmen, when committed by the privileged sex, are hailed as a new and beneficent agency in public life; and because the German population, being less sentimental, asserts the principles of legality and decency, the women are said to have suffered martyrdom. So far from the American family being the despotism which Mr. Mill describes, the want of domestic authority lies at the root of all that is worst in the politics of the United States. If the women ask for the suffrage, say some American publicists, they must have it; and in the same way everything that a child cries for is apt to be given it, without reflection as to the consequences of the indulgence.

There is therefore no reason for setting the sexes by the ears, or giving to any change which it may be just and expedient to make the aspect of a revolt. We may discuss on its own merits the question whether female suffrage would be a good thing for the whole community. The interest of the whole community must be the test. As to natural rights, they must be sought by those who desire them, not in communities, but in the primeval woods, where the available rights of women will be small.

The question whether female suffrage on an extended scale is good for the whole community is probably identical, practically speaking, with the question whether it is good for us to have free institutions or not. Absolute monarchy is founded on personal loyalty. Free institutions are founded on the love of liberty, or, to speak more properly, on the preference of legal to personal government. But the love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law alone appear to be characteristically male. The female need of protection, of which, so long as women remain physically weak, and so long as they are mothers, it will be impossible to get rid, is apparently accompanied by a preference for personal government, which finds its proper satisfaction in the family, but which gives an almost uniform bias to the political sentiments of women. The account

commonly accepted of the reactionary tendency which all admit to be generally characteristic of the sex, is that they are priest-ridden. No doubt many of them are priest-ridden, and female suffrage would give a vast increase of power to the clergy. But the cause is probably deeper and more permanent, being, in fact, the sentiment inherent in the female temperament, which again is formed by the normal functions and circumstances of the sex. And if this is the case, to give women the franchise is simply to give them the power of putting an end, actually and virtually, to all franchises together. It may not be easy to say beforehand exactly what course the demolition of free institutions by female suffrage would take. In the United States probably some woman's favourite would be elected President, and re-elected till his power became personal, and perhaps dynastic. But there can be little doubt that in all cases, if power were put into the hands of the women, free government, and with it liberty of opinion, would fall.

In France, it is morally certain that at the present moment, if votes were given to the women, the first result would be the restoration to power of the Bourbons, with their reactionary priesthood, and the destruction of all that has been gained by the national agonies of the last century. The next result would be a religious crusade against German Protestantism and Italian freedom.

But would the men submit? Would they, in compliance with the edict of the women, and in obedience to a woman's government, haul down the tricolor, hoist the white flag, bow their necks to the yoke of Reaction, and march against the victors of Sedan in a cause which they detest? This question points to another serious consideration. It is true that law is much stronger now than it was in primitive or feudal times, and a woman is more under its protection and less under the private protection of her husband and her kinsmen. But law, after all, though the fact may be rough and unwelcome, rests at bottom on the force of the community, and the

force of the community is male. No woman can imagine that her sex can execute, or in case of rebellion reassert, the law; for that they must look entirely to the men. The men would be conscious of this, and if any law were made exclusively in the interest of the women, and in contradiction to the male sense of justice, they would refuse to carry it into effect. In the United States there have been intimations, on the part of the women, of a desire to make a very lavish use of capital punishment, untrammelled by the technical rules of evidence, for offences or supposed offences against the sex. The men would, of course, refuse execution; law would be set at defiance, and government would be overturned. But the bad effects of the public consciousness that executive force—the rude but indispensable basis of law—had been partly removed, and that the law was being made by those who had not the power to carry it into effect, would not be limited to manifest instances of the influence of sex in legislation. In cases where, as in Jamaica, an elective government has rested on two races, equal, legally speaking, in political power, but of which one was evidently inferior in real force to the other, reverence for law has been weak, and the result has been disastrous. There can be little doubt that, as soon as the Federal bayonets are removed, there will be another case of the same kind in the Southern States; laws made by negro majorities will be set at defiance by the stronger race. To personal despotism or class domination civilization can put an end, but it cannot eliminate force.

It is very likely that in England, the women, to reform drunken husbands, would vote for extreme prohibitory measures against liquor; but the difficulty of carrying such legislation into effect, great as it is already, could hardly fail to be much increased by the feeling that it was the act of the women, and the consequence would probably be contempt, and perhaps open defiance, of the law. Female legislation with regard to education in the interest of clerical ascendancy, would be apt to be attended by the same effects.

Elective government, with the liberty of opinion and the power of progress which are its concomitants, has been brought into existence by the most terrible throes of humanity. When perfected and firmly established, it will, as we hope, and have good grounds for believing, give to reason and justice an ascendancy which they have never had before in human affairs, and increase the happiness of all by making private interest subordinate to the public good. But its condition, if we look at the world as a whole, is still exceedingly precarious. All the powers of class interest, of sybaritism, of superstition, are arrayed against it, and have vast forces at their command, including the great standing armies of Europe, while they find accomplices in the lassitude, the alarm, the discouragement caused by the revolutionary storms which, unhappily, are almost inevitable attendants upon the birth of a new order of things. Its existence having been so far a struggle, and an assertion at the sword's point, of principles, just in themselves, but needing qualification to make them available as the foundations of a polity, it is full of defects, to remedy which, so as to make it the deliberate expression of public reason, clear of sectional interest and passion, is now the great aim of political thought and effort. Those to whose hands it is committed at this crisis are trustees for posterity of a heritage bought by ages of effort and torrents of blood; and they are bound to allow neither their own ambition nor that of any one else, if they can help it, to imperil the safety of their trust. That women would be likely to vote for one set of aspirants to political office rather than for the opposite set, would be a very bad reason for withholding from them the suffrage even for a day; but that they would probably overturn the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest, is as good a reason as there can be for withholding anything from anybody. When free institutions are firmly established in Europe, the question of Female Suffrage may perhaps be raised with less peril, so far as political interests are concerned; but to

take a female vote on their fate at present, would be as suicidal as it would have been to take a female vote on the issues between Charles the First and the Parliament in the middle of the Civil War.

So far as elective government has succeeded, women in general have fully reaped the benefit of the improvements, moral and material, which it has produced. They are mistaken if they imagine that they fared better under the form of government which, in France and elsewhere, if they had the power, their sentiment would lead them to restore. They were not exempt from the misery and starvation brought into every home by the ambitious wars and the general misrule of the monarchies or even from the cruelty of their criminal laws. Down to the last days of the monarchy in France women as well as men were broken alive upon the wheel for theft.

It is needless to say that any discussion of the relative excellence, intellectual or moral, of the two moieties of humanity would be equally barren and irrelevant. The only question is as to the proper spheres of the man and woman; and assuredly, by unsexing women, we should do no homage to their sex.

It is alleged that female influence would mitigate the violence of party politics. But what ground have we, in reason or experience, for believing that women, if introduced into the political arena, would be less violent than men? Hitherto they have been free from political vices, because they have generally taken no part in politics, just as home has been an asylum from political rancour, because political division has not been introduced between man and wife. But the chances are, that, being more excitable, and having, with more warmth and generosity of temperament, less power of self-control, women would, when once engaged in party struggles, be not less but more violent than men. All our experience, in fact, points this way. In the Reign of Terror, and in the revolt of the Commune, the women notoriously rivalled the men in fury and atrocity. The same was the case in the

late American Civil War. What has been the effect of public life on the character of the women who have thrown themselves into it in the United States can be doubted by no human being; and our experience of female agitations in this country seems to tell pretty much the same tale. That party politics require mitigation, and perhaps something more, may be readily admitted; but we are not likely to make the caldron boil less fiercely by flinging into it female character and Home.

That Home would escape disturbance it is surely difficult to believe. We are told that a difference of religion between man and wife does not produce unhappiness. The fact may be doubted when the difference is strong. But religion is an affair of the other world; and it does not, at all events it need not, bring people into direct, much less into public collision in this world. A man and his wife taking opposite sides in politics would be brought into direct and public collision, especially if they happened to be active politicians, about a subject of the most exciting kind. Would the harmony of most households bear the strain? Would not a husband who cared for his own happiness be apt to say that if his wife wanted it she might have the vote, but that there should be only one vote between them?

Men are not good housekeepers, and there need not be anything disparaging in saying that women, as a rule, are not likely to be good politicians. Most of them, after all, will be married, and their sphere will be one in which they do not directly feel the effects of good or bad government, which are directly felt by the man who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the great mass of mankind. Nor would there be anything, generally speaking, to balance the judgment, as it is balanced in men by the variety of practical needs and considerations. Even with male constituencies, particular questions are apt to become too predominant, and to lead to the exaction of tyrannical pledges and to narrow ostracism of



conscientious public men. But with Female Suffrage there would probably be always a woman's question, of a kind appealing to sentiment, such as the question of the Contagious Diseases Act, which demagogues would take care to provide, and which would swallow up every other question, and make a clean sweep of all public men who might refuse to take the woman's pledge. With Female Suffrage, the question of the Contagious Diseases Act would probably have made a clean sweep at the last general election of all the best servants of the State.

Mr. Mill had persuaded himself that great capacity for government had been displayed by women, and that there was urgent necessity for bringing them into the management of the State. But he can hardly be serious when he cites as an instance of female rule a constitutional queen whose excellence consists in never doing any act of government except under the guidance of her Ministers. The queens regnant or consort, before our monarchy became constitutional, who may be said to have wielded power, are the Empress-Queen Matilda, Eleanor the wife of Henry II., Isabella the wife of Edward II., Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, and Henrietta Maria. Not much can be made of this list, when it is considered that both Margaret of Anjou and Henrietta Maria were, by their temper, principal causes of civil wars, and that the statesmanship of Elizabeth has totally collapsed between Mr. Froude's first volume and his last, while her feminine relations with Leicester and other favourites have contracted a much more ominous complexion in a political as well as in a moral point of view. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor the wife of Edward I., and certain that Caroline the wife of George II., rendered, in a womanly way, high services to the State. Mr. Mill says, from his experience at the India Office, that the queens in India are better than the kings. But the reason is obvious. British protection has suspended the operation of the rude checks on the vices of Indian despots, and a woman

brought up in the zenana, though she cannot possibly be a good ruler, may well be better than a hog or a tiger.

Neither the cases of queens, however, nor those of female regents of the Netherlands, to which Mr. Mill gives so strange a turn (as though Charles V. and Philip II. had preferred females on account of their ability to male members of the house), are in point. They all belong to the hereditary system, under which these ladies were called to power by birth or appointment, and surrounded by counsellors from whose policy it is scarcely possible to distinguish that of the sovereign. Under the elective system, women would have to make their own way to seats in Parliament and to office by the same means as male politicians, by canvassing, stumping, wrestling with competitors in debate; and the female character would be exposed to influences entirely different from those which operated on Isabella of Castile.

Without pressing the argument against "Premiers in the family way" too far, it may safely be said that the women who would best represent their sex, and whose opinions would be worth most, would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Success with popular constituencies would probably fall to the lot, not of the grave matrons and spinsters whom Mr. Mill evidently has in view, but of dashing adventuresses, whose methods of captivating their constituents would often be by no means identical with legislative wisdom, or calculated to increase our veneration for their sex.

Mr. Mill is the real father of the whole movement; the arguments of its other champions are mere reproductions of his. Whatever biased his mind, therefore, ought to be carefully noted; and again it must be said that he was possessed by an illusion—an illusion beautiful and touching, but still an illusion—as to the political genius of his wife. He has given us the means of judging of her speculative powers, and even they, it is evident, were not extraordinarily high.

That there are women eminently capable of understanding and discussing political questions nobody will deny. These will find a sphere in the press, through which many men exercise a power which makes it a matter of indifference whether they have a vote or not. But it by no means follows that it is expedient to put political power into the hands of the whole sex; much less that it is expedient to do so at a moment when it is morally certain that they would use their power to cancel a good deal of what has been done in their interest, as well as in that of their partners, by the efforts of the last two hundred years.

Some supporters of the movement flatter themselves that women would always vote for peace, and that Female Suffrage would consequently be a short method of ridding the world of war and standing armies. Such experience as we have hardly warrants this anticipation. Female Sovereigns, as a rule, have not been eminently pacific. It would be difficult to find four contemporary male rulers who made more wars than Catherine the Second of Russia, Maria Theresa, Madame de Pompadour (who ruled France in the name of her lover), and the Termagant, as Carlyle calls her, of Spain. It is widely believed that the late Empress of the French, inspired by her Jesuits, was a principal mover in the attack on Germany. Those who know the Southern States say that the women there are far more ready to renew the Civil War than the men. The most effective check on war is, to use the American phrase, that every one should do his own fighting. But this check cannot be applied to women, who will be comparatively irresponsible in voting for war. A woman, in fact, can never be a full citizen in countries where, as in Germany, it is part of a citizen's duty to bear arms.

Finally, it is said that there are certain specific grievances under which women labour, and which call for immediate redress, but of which redress cannot be had unless women are empowered to extort

it from their husbands and brothers at the polls. Of course if there is wrong, and wrong to half humanity, which cannot be righted in any other way, we must at once accept Female Suffrage, whatever perils it may entail.

In the United States the grievance of which most is heard is the tyrannical stringency of the marriage tie, which, it is alleged, gives a man property in a woman, and unduly interferes with the freedom and genuineness of affection. Some of the language used is more startling than this, and if reproduced might unfairly prejudice the case. But male legislatures in the United States have already carried the liberty of divorce so far, that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family. The women themselves have now, it is said, begun to draw back. They have probably become aware that liberty of divorce must be reciprocal, that marriage is pre-eminently a restraint placed on the passions of the man in the interest of the woman, that a woman loses her charms more easily than she loses her need of a protector, and that to the children divorce is moral and social ruin. Mr. Mill demands for the "slave" the privilege of changing her master; he forgets that he would at the same time give the master the privilege of changing his slave.

The question, of which more is heard here, as to the right of women to the control of their own property, was one the importance of which was not likely to be fully perceived while comparatively few women earned their own bread. However, now that it is perceived, the British legislature has at least gone so far in removing anomalies that it need not despair of seeing itself do complete justice. In the United States, male legislatures, so far from being unwilling, display almost an exaggerated propensity to sever the interest of the wife from that of the husband. An eminent American jurist told the writer that he knew a case in which a woman was compelling her husband to work for her as a hired labourer, and another in which a

woman had accomplished a divorce by simply shutting the door of the house, which was her own property, in her husband's face. After all, it must be remembered that the man remains responsible for the maintenance of the woman and her children, and that the analogy of a commercial partnership, which is in vogue with the champions of Woman's Right in the United States, is very far from holding good : commercial justice between themselves and their husbands is not what the women really want. It must be remembered, too, that the male has by nature certain advantages over the female which no legislature on earth can annul ; and that it is necessary in the interest of both sexes, but especially in the interest of women, to render the restraint of marriage acceptable, not only to persons of cultivated sensibility, but to ordinary men. If the ideal of marriage which floats in the pages of Mr. Mill were actually embodied in legislation, and the husband were stripped of all conjugal rights, and left with nothing but the responsibility of maintaining the family, it is at least possible that the result among the coarser masses of mankind might be the increase of license and the consequent degradation of women.

It is commonly said in the United States by the Woman's Right party, that women are under-paid for their labour, and a vague hope is held out that this might be set right by female legislation. In most fields of industry women are new-comers, and on all new-comers old custom is apt at first to bear hard. Female singers, pianoforte players, novelists, painters, milliners, are not underpaid. If female clerks and school-mistresses are paid less than male clerks and school-masters, this may be partly because continuance in the calling is an element of value, and women are taken off by marriage. That a New-Yorker will persist, out of regard for the aristocracy

of sex, in paying a man a high price for his labour when he can get the work done as well for less money by a woman is not much to be apprehended. But that legislatures, male or female, could equalize wages, few will be credulous enough to believe, though it is possible that the attempt might be made.

As to domestic cruelty, if it can be stopped by any extension of the criminal law, there is surely not the slightest reason for believing that male legislatures are unwilling to perform that duty ; though of course criminal legislation in this case, as in all others, to be effective, must keep terms with reason and justice. In fact, in this matter, women are probably better in the present hands than they would be in their own. The source of these infamies and horrors in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is drink ; and if the member for Marylebone, instead of tampering with the relations between the sexes, will turn his mind to the improvement and extension of the legislation commenced under the late Government against intemperance, he will deserve in the highest degree the gratitude of women in general, and especially of those who have the greatest claim to our sympathy.

The case of women is not that of an unenfranchised class, the interest of which is distinct from that of the enfranchised. The great mass of them are completely identified in interest with their husbands, while even those who are not married can hardly be said to form a class, or to have any common interest, other than mere sex, which is liable to be unfairly affected by class legislation. There is, therefore, no reason why Parliament should not do justice in any practical question relative to the rights of women which may be brought before it, as it has already done justice in several such questions, without invoking upon itself the coercion of Female Suffrage.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## MASTERS OF ETCHING.

## I.

REMBRANDT, Ostade, Vandyke, and Claude—these are the four masters of the art of etching; and it is in virtue of their mastery of that art that they receive from many a more enthusiastic admiration than that which their painted pictures call forth from all the world. But what is the nature of that less popular art which they practised? To draw upon the varnished surface of a copper plate, with a steel point, the lines that are to give the form and light and shadow of your picture; to bite those lines by the application of a bath of acid, and finally to transfer your work to paper with ink and a printing-press—that, as far as one rough sentence can explain it, is the process of etching. It is, in many ways, the complement of the art of mezzotinting. The mezzotinter works by spaces, the etcher by lines. And Turner, in the most interesting and most important of his serial works, the *Liber Studiorum*, effected that marriage of the two arts which, strange to say, has never been repeated. He etched the leading lines of his studies, and mezzotint, executed sometimes under his own supervision and sometimes by his own hand, accomplished the rest. Yet one does not class him among the great etchers, because he only used etching to perform that which by the other process could not have been performed at all. He etched with immense precision and power all that he meant to etch; but he reserved his effects—the things for which he cared—for the other art. That alone clothed the skeleton, and visibly embodied the spirit of each picture. But when one speaks of the great etchers, one speaks of those who gave to their art a wider field, and claimed from it a greater result. They too, like Turner, worked by

lines, but their lines were a thousand to his one; for they were the end as well as the beginning—they made the picture, and did not only prepare for it.

The work of the great etchers was usually speedy. Their minds had other qualities than those of the line engravers. On the one side there was quiet intelligence, patience, and leisurely attention to detail; on the other, rapid sympathy, instinctive recognition, and either a vehement passion for the thing beheld and to be drawn, or else, at the least, a keen delight in it. The patience and leisure were for Marc Antonio, the passion was for Rembrandt, the delight for Claude.

It is perhaps because Vandyke was by a very few years the earliest of the etchers—save Albert Dürer, whose greatest achievements are all in a different art—that one finds in many of his prints a poverty of means, never indeed to be confused with weakness or with failure, but tending now and then to lessen the effect and meaning of his work. He was a genuine etcher: there was never a more genuine. But if you think of him with Rembrandt and with Claude—the two great masters who in point of time were ever so little behind him—there comes perhaps to your mind some thought of the diligent schoolboy whose round-hand and whose large-hand are better than his teacher's, but who can write only between those rigid lines which for himself the teacher would discard. Or, if that simile appear offensive, think of the difference between certain musicians: think of the precision of Arabella Goddard—that faultless, measured, restrained interpretation—and then of Joachim's artistic individuality: firmness of will, a resolute self-control, minute exactness, and then, suddenly, and but for an in-

stant, the divine indecision which is the last expression of supreme mastery, because it is the sign that creator and interpreter are fused into one. But there may be other causes than the one I have suggested for that which, define it how we will, seems lacking to Vandyke. Perhaps not in etching only—that process without precedents—is he something less than he might have been. As a painter, the highest examples were before him. But did he fully profit by them?

He is born in 1599—the son of traders who are wealthy—and early showing signs of his particular ability, he has no difficulty in entering the studio of Rubens. That master much appreciates him. The youth gives still increasing promise; and he is well advised in early manhood to set out for Italy, so that he may study the treasures of Venice, Florence, and Rome. But he has not passed out of his native Flanders before he is enamoured of a young country girl. He wavers. The love of her detains him many months. He is quite happy, painting the portraits of her kinsmen. He has forgotten Italy. Remonstrance on remonstrance comes from Rubens, and it is thanks to this persistence that he finally sets forth. There is then a five years' absence. No absence so long was ever less fruitful in direct influence; and now he is busy at Antwerp. In 1632 he travels to England, hoping for greater gain than work in his native city affords; and he is early patronized by the king, by the Lords Strafford and Pembroke, and by Sir Kenelm Digby, whose wife's portrait (she was the Lady Venetia Stanley) he paints four times. He does not neglect his work, but he does not feed and enrich his faculty. He is amiable, no doubt; he is dashing and brilliant too. But it does not occur to any one to say that he is wise. He dresses lavishly. In the matter of display he attempts an unreasonable rivalry with the wealthiest of the nobles—runs that race which an artist rarely wins, and then wins only at the price of a fatal injury. Vandyke keeps an open

house for his friends—an open purse for his mistresses.<sup>1</sup> And in due time he finds he is impoverished—not destitute, indeed, nor living meanly, but shorn of many of his delights. He is advised to marry, and there is found for him the daughter of an eminent physician—Maria Ruthven is her name. With her, in 1640, he goes to Flanders and to France, hoping that Louis Treize will employ him in the decoration of the Louvre, and stirred probably by the ambition to do higher work than portrait painting. But Nicolas Poussin is engaged before Vandyke puts in his claim, and Vandyke must return to England, though English air, in the world of politics and fashion, is thick with a coming trouble. Sir Anthony is ill—ill and unhopeful—and though the king is so far interested in the court-painter as to offer naively, a gratuity of three hundred pounds to the physician who can save his life, neither royal interest nor medical skill is of any long avail, and Sir Anthony dies on the 9th day of December, 1641—the day of the baptism of his newly-born child. That child—Maria Ruthven's—is not his only child; for in the will made but a few days before his death there is pathetic mention of “my daughter beyond sea:” and one can fancy that with that wife beside him whom friends had persuaded him to marry, so that his life might be quieter, he, “weake of body, yet enjoying his senses, memorie, and understandinge,” thinks somewhat of the long past pleasure days—the bright beginning, in contrast with this end.

Mr. W. H. Carpenter, who has catalogued his etchings, assigns to him but twenty-four. No less than twenty of these are portraits of men. But Mr. Carpenter “does not feel justified in omitting thirteen other etchings, chiefly of sacred and allegorical subjects.” With

<sup>1</sup> One of these—Margaret Lemon—appears, says an authority, “to have been a woman of much notoriety.” There are prints after one of the portraits which Vandyke painted of her, by Hollar, Gaywood, Lommelin, and Morin.



these, in this paper, we have nothing to do.

The practical etcher will praise Vandyke for the frankness and simplicity of his work; for an economy of labour which up to a given point shows only as artistic excellence, and is the proof of knowledge and power. Yet again, it is carried sometimes too near to meagreness, and the praise needs must stop. Does the artist, on the other hand, seek to avail himself to the full of the resources of his art?—then some fault of conception or execution which slighter work would have left to be unnoticed, or would not even have carried with it at all, is very plainly apparent. A sky is hard and wooden; a background is artificial. Where is the tonality which would have been given by the more complete master? On the whole, then, it is possible that Vandyke is best when he sketches. The lines of the figure, the lines of the face, this and that trait of character, generally true, yet generally not far below the surface—all this Vandyke can render rapidly and readily—a clear thought, not a profound one, expressed with an accurate hand. Here is a cloak set as gracefully as Mr. Irving's in the play. Here is a bearing as manly—but it is more the manner than the man. Here, too, is a suggestion of a collar of lace. How well that lies on the broad shoulders! Sometimes the mind is seized as well as the raiment. The portrait of Snellinx has infinite rough vigour. This man was a painter of battles—there is battle in his eye and in his firm right hand. Will you see a contented countenance; a mind at rest, with no thought of a pose; a graceful head, with long and black disordered hair; a calm intelligence in eyes and mouth? Look, then, at Paul Pontius, the Antwerp engraver. He is a worthy gallant, standing there, with visible firm throat, stout arm, and dexterous hand. The collar's lace-work makes the firm throat yet more massive by its contrast: the many-folded garment hides nothing of the plain line of that rounded, stalwart arm. There is no date engraved upon the plate, and

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none is positively known for the man's birth or death; but on an early impression in the Museum Print-Room I see written by a German hand, "Paulus Pontius, geboren 1603," and one takes the portrait to be that of a man close upon seven-and-twenty. It was etched, therefore, in the prime of Vandyke, in 1630, or thereabouts—a year or two before he settled in England.

For pure etching, nothing is finer or more spirited than the print of Antonius Cornelissen, the burly, middle-aged, and rich "collector." And yet one turns away from all with no other impression than that which was formed almost at the beginning. Surely, one says, in the company of artists Vandyke is motioned to too great a place. Technical qualities apart, the value of his work as an etcher is precisely that of his work as a painter. There is the same mind in it—that, and no more—a mind courtier-like, refined, chivalrous, observant, thoughtful at intervals; yet not of the highest at any point; neither the noblest nor the keenest, nor even near to these. Deducting here and there a great exception—such as that grave and gracious Sir Kenelm Digby, in the billiard-room at Knoles—his subjects, as he has represented them, are not free from the suspicion of "posing." There is little intensity in his artistic temperament; little real appreciation of beauty, or of the truest force. A touch of affectation has no repugnance for him. His works in the main seem wanting in the unerring directness, the unerring strength, of a great man's message sent forth from mind to mind.

## II.

Roughly speaking, all our great etchers were contemporaries; and while Vandyke was a child, there was born, at Lübeck, Adrian van Ostade. Particulars of his life are not abundant, and if we may judge both from that little which has descended to us of his story and from the cold and cynical observant face which makes the frontispiece to his collection of etchings, they would

not bear with them any dramatic interest. His life is in his work, and his work is great in quantity and in such qualities as are technical. He came, when very young, to Haerlem, to study under Franz Hals—was the fellow pupil and intimate friend of Brauwer—and in the city of his adoption he soon found ample and remunerative labour. As years passed on, his success and reputation became more general and distinguished, and it is not likely that he would ever have quitted Haerlem, had not difficult times loomed in sight.

Alarmed at the approach of French troops, in 1662, he prepares to leave Holland and return to his own land. He sells his pictures and effects with this intention, and gets as far as Amsterdam, whence he will embark for Lübeck. But in Amsterdam he is well received—his fame has gone before him—and an amateur called Constantine Senneport prevails on him to be his guest. The new friend explains to Ostade the advantages of remaining in a town so great and rich; and Ostade, with whom love of country held, we may be sure, a very secondary place when love of money had any need to clash with it, is soon persuaded to stay. In Amsterdam, therefore, his easel is set up; his works are purchased with avidity—they are ordered even more promptly than with all his perseverance they can be executed—and with increasing celebrity Ostade pursues his labour until old age is well upon him. He dies in Amsterdam in 1685, aged seventy-five, leaving, in addition to some three hundred highly-finished pictures, many drawings which were done, it is believed, as much for pleasure as for studies of his more arduous works, and fifty etchings in which most of the characteristics of his paintings are reproduced with a dexterity, a mastery of manner, which, whatever be the change of fashion and of culture, will insure for him high rank, as one among the few great etchers.

An accomplished and often sympathetic critic, who has made of etching his particular study, has been unusually severe upon the work of Ostade: not,

of course, upon its technical merits—respecting which severity itself must give way to admiration—but upon the sentiment that it expresses by touches so direct, keen, unmistakable. Composition and chiaroscuro, perfect as the subjects selected can possibly give scope for—these two great qualities Mr. Hamerton allows in Ostade's work. But the sentiment he finds wholly repulsive: repulsive from end to end. The condemnation, though true enough in the main, is certainly a little too sweeping. It is true—need I repeat?—of much of his work: of much even of that which is technically the best. In the "Tavern Dance" and in "Rustic Courtship," "the males pursue the females;" while in "The Family," "the female gives suck to her young." It is all animal. And yet a sentiment quite other than this is now and again conveyed; and in enumerating these pieces, one should not forget those others—how, for instance, in "The Painter" the calm pursuit of labour for labour's sake is well expressed; how in "The Spectacle Seller" a rustic or suburban incident is depicted with point and simplicity. There is nothing animal in "The Knife-Grinder;" it is a little bourgeois scene of no elevation, but of easily-recognized truth. In the "Peasant Family saying Grace" there is even a little spirituality,<sup>1</sup> a homely but genuine piety; though the types are poor, with no natural dignity—the father as unintelligent and sheep-like a parent as ever fostered his young, and accepted without struggle or questioning a life of the dullest monotony. Again, in the "Peasant paying his Reckoning"—the finest and most fascinating, I should say, of Ostade's smaller plates—it is not the dull bliss of boozing that is primarily thought of, dwelt upon, or presented, but rather the whole scene of this interior—paying peasant who fumbles for the coin, and watchful hostess, and still abiding guests. How good is the space: how good the accessories!

<sup>1</sup> How this spiritually struck the refine mind of Goethe may be seen in "Goethe and Mendelssohn," 2nd Edition, p. 70.

—the leisure, how delightful! It is a tavern indeed, but somehow glorified by art. For accurate delicacy of perception, for dexterous delicacy of execution, what is there that surpasses this?

But do you, on the other hand, wish to see work which shall abundantly confirm Mr. Hamerton's opinion of Ostade—already partly justified, as I have indicated, by "The Family," "Rustic Courtship," and the "Tavern Dance,"—then you will turn to the pieces numbered 13 and 50 in the catalogue of Bartsch. The first of these is called "The Smokers:" it represents three men, one of whom sits upon a turned-up cask. Chiaroscuro is good, and grouping is good; and that is all. There is as little subject for the mind as beauty for the eye; there is nothing of the *character* with which Meissonier endows such a scene. The second represents an interior with many peasants, of whom some are children and the rest of mature years. They are all delighting in and commending to each other this drink and that—this and that savoury mouthful that fitly crowns with sensual jollity the labour of the day.

"Securæ reddamus tempora mense  
Venit post multos una serena dies."

Take Adrian van Ostade out of doors, and he is a little better. In open air, somehow, he is less grossly animal. Not that in presence of a wide landscape and far-reaching vista there is any hopefulness in him. His own vista is bounded as before. It is not the landscape that he sees with his mind, but the near pursuit of the peasant by the roadside, the peasant by the bridge. In "The Fishers," two boys, with old men's faces, bend over the bridge's railings, and over them hangs a grey Dutch sky, monotonous and dreary as their lives. A wide landscape says nothing to Ostade. It is too great for him—he is never concerned with the infinite in any way. But just outside the cottage door—on the bench, within easy reach of ale-house tap—he and his work are happiest and best. Here is evoked such sense of beauty as he is dowered with by Nature,

which is never profuse to him—such sense of beauty as the conditions of his Netherlands life have enabled him to keep and cultivate. Thus, in "La Fête sous la Treille" we have some charm of open-air life, much movement, some vivacity, and here and there a gleam of grace. In the group of "The Charlatan" there is some dramatic interest, and there are characters more varied than he is wont to present. But as we have seen him in his interiors alive to the picturesqueness of litter—sprawling brush and pot and saucer, and strewn cards upon the floor—so let us take leave of him in recognizing that he was alive also to the picturesqueness of Nature, when that was shown in little things of quite familiar appearance, and alive too, now and again, to such picturesqueness as men can make. The last he proves by the care and thought and delicacy he bestows on the often prominent quaint lines of diamond-patterned casements; and the first, by the lightness and sensitiveness of his touch when he draws the leaf and tendrill of the vine by the house-wall, as it throws its slight cool shadow on the rustic bench, or curls waywardly into the now open window, through which there glances for a moment (brief indeed in Ostade's life!) a little of the happy sunshine of De Hooghe.

### III.

Well, we have come now to the chiefest among our Masters of Etching—the last Dutchman with whom we have to deal—he in whose work is resumed the excellence and power of the whole Netherlands school: he whose art, like that of our own more limited Hogarth, is an art of "remonstrance," and not of "rapture."

Rembrandt has had biographers enough; but their disagreements have involved his life in mystery. Latest research appears, however, to show that he was born in 1606—on the 15th of July—and that he died at Amsterdam with proper bourgeois comfort, and not at Stockholm, miserably, in the first

days of October, 1669. The son of a miller, whose mill was in the city of Leyden, he went to college in that city as boy and youth; and in days before it was the fashion, in the backward North, to be a painter of culture, he neglected his studies to grapple early with art. Owing little even of technical excellence to any master at all—owing most to perseverance and set purpose, and ready hand and observant eye—he settled in Amsterdam in 1630, when twenty-four years old: sure already to find profitable service in fixing upon canvas no fleeting beauty of maiden or child, but those stern burgher faces, laden with thought and with past toil, which even then charmed and impressed him more strongly than any other thing he saw in the bounded city streets or under the far-reaching skies—skies, you remember, that stretched, like a grey canopy, over those flats of field, canal, and foot-bridge which formed the landscape of his youth, and touched by a magic hand, passed long afterwards into the landscape of his art.

His success was early: perhaps not very brilliant at the beginning, but from the first substantial. He has taken to etching two years before his settlement in Amsterdam, and has pursued that art diligently during the first years of his residence. His mother's face—wise, worthy, and even handsome; his own face, rough and keen, and beautiful, like his work, by its expression; incidents, light or low, of the city streets or long-stretching highways—these are his subjects in the earlier years. Then he turns to religious work, and then to portrait-painting. It is probable that he painted many an obscure portrait before we have record of his labours in this kind; but however that may be, he gradually takes his place in good burgher society—rich, pious, or intellectual—executing, in 1635, his portrait of Uytenbogaert, the minister of the sect known as the Remonstrants; in 1636, the portrait of Janus Sylvius. This second divine was probably made known to him through his young wife—for Rembrandt, prospering early, had somewhat early married:

had married, too, a woman of fair fortune and good position in the town. Saskia Uylenburg was her name. She died eight years after her marriage; leaving one child, a boy, Titus, who in due time became a painter, never much known or greatly esteemed, and who died in 1668: a year or two before his father.

Rembrandt, a widower, is busy with his work and with society; living in a house in the Breestraat, in the Jewish quarter, near St. Anthony's Bridge, and collecting in that house a whole museum of works of art: mediæval armour, and antique bronzes, prints by Lukas van Leyden, and prints as precious by Mantegna, and oil-paintings by contemporary hands. Mediæval and Renaissance work are alike interesting to him; but it is from the mediæval spirit rather than from that of the Renaissance that he learns. In his "Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" he takes the whole figure of Christ from a woodcut of Albert Dürer's. Italian art of the sixteenth century he admires, but he borrows nothing from it. "*Ce fut précisément le plus grand trait de son génie, d'avoir admiré tout sans rien imiter; d'avoir connu les beautés d'un autre art, et d'être resté toujours dans le sien.*"

In the Breestraat he opened his studio. There Gerard Dow, Ferdinand Bol, Van Vliet, Philippe de Koning, and Gerbrandt van den Eckhout were his pupils. He did not make mere imitators. An individual capacity, brought within the influence of his power and fame, was strengthened and developed, but remained individual still. It was for the preservation of individuality that he decreed that each pupil should work unobserved of the rest; each in his place apart.

I have said that Rembrandt was occupied with society, but not indeed with society as the word is very often understood. He sought the company of grave and thoughtful men to feed his intellect—sought also, I suppose, some company less elevated, in hours when his object was either frank diver-

sion or the observation of things outside his common circle. His nature was developed on many sides; his friendships and associations were of many kinds. Even the habits of his home—the time and quality of his meals—varied from day to day. Now he has a banquet with a citizen who is famous; now he eats a herring and some cheese by himself. And so one is told that his nature was mean and stingy and low—that the god of his idolatry was money, and that his best-loved friends were friends of the pot-house in the Breestraat. Yet this is the man who waits all day in an auction-room to buy a print by the great engraver of Leyden—the man who waits there and will pay any price rather than fail to acquire it. This is the man to whom the great public banker—Receiver-General to the States of Holland—gives, year after year, his friendship and support; the man who year after year is hand-in-glove with Jan Six, a youthful burgomaster, collector, and all-accomplished poet, who must almost realize the ideal of Matthew Arnold. Rembrandt was not “low” in his tastes: his friends were the wisest men in a sober city. He was not sordid in his ways, adding coin to coin. Instead of that, he added picture to picture, till he became insolvent through love of an art, or of a school, not his.

Not indeed that his insolvency was of the usual sort. For household expenses there was money enough, no doubt. But his son Titus, being of age, was to inherit his mother's property, and the painter had expended some of this. To complete the sum, there was a sale in the house, and as the times were hard times for Holland, the sale was not as fruitful as it should have been. The value of all works of art had suffered a depreciation; the proceeds of the sale left Rembrandt in poverty, and his friends were all unable to help him. Their concerns were out of joint, like his own.

And yet, in some sense, this scattering of his precious things was a voluntary act with Rembrandt. Had he remained

a widower, Titus could only have inherited at his father's death; but Rembrandt—careless in some moods, as he was careful and sagacious in others—had fallen in love with the fine figure of a peasant girl, of the village of Rarep, in Waterland. He had married the girl in 1654; and two years afterwards, failing otherwise to discharge his obligations towards his son, there came the sale by auction, and the apparent, nay, for a little while, the genuine, poverty. But with a healthy man of genius, whose genius is recognized, things have a tendency to right themselves. Soon enough Rembrandt is paid for his work again; his etchings too are sought after as of yore. He takes to academical subjects: we know not why, unless it be that M. Blanc's conjecture is a correct one, and that the model is constantly his wife. And then he ceases altogether to etch—confines himself to work with the palette and the brush, and then perhaps illness comes upon him, for work of any kind is rare, and it can hardly be that he is rich and idle. And then there is that break in the story of his life which has enabled some to say that he went to England for a while: some, that he went to Stockholm, and died there, miserably. The rest is mystery, and almost silence. There is but one more record, and it is of recent finding, and it attests that on the 8th day of October, 1669, in the church called Westerkirk, in the city of Amsterdam, there was laid down, with all the common pomp of pall and taper, “bell and burial,” the body which during three-and-sixty years had held the restless soul of Rembrandt.

“The restless soul!” Is that word the key to all his variety of aims and arts?—for he is various, not alone in subjects, but in methods of expression. Now the brush serves him; now the tool of the engraver; and now the needle of the pure etcher is the instrument with which he works. With one or with the other, he essays the representation of all things within his ken: his own face, plain and shrewd, his mother's face, his wife's, the preacher's,



burgomaster's, printseller's; then the gait of the beggar on the doorstep, the aspect of the fields and dykes beyond the town. And then he takes the Bible for his theme, and portrays what is told there, from Adam's temptation to the death of Christ. Perhaps nowhere else have you such a range of effort: I do not say such excellence of achievement.

Yet sometimes, even in his endeavours, and obviously in his achievements, he was quickly limited by the conditions of his life and time. Take, for an instance, his treatment of the figure. Perhaps that shows better than anything else how very far he was removed from the great masters of the Renaissance, and how—though it is strange to say it—he had some fellowship with the earlier practitioners of a ruder art. An Italian, bred to work at an epoch when there were apparent in glowing freshness, not only “the materials of art,” which are “at Florence,” but “the results,” which are “at Rome,” devoted himself to perfection of line and modelling. He represented the body only that he might extol it; and while Fra Angelico's labour was prayer to the Spirit, his own was praise to the Flesh. But certain plain conditions were required to produce this result; and these conditions were wanting to Rembrandt and his period in the Netherlands. The revival of learning, and its diffusion, had flooded Italy with the waters of Greek thought; had stirred in men's minds the sleeping worship of beauty; and had done this too at a moment when the enthusiasm of the old religion was waning and the world seemed ripe for a change, and in a land where there was beauty abundant, to feed the newer faith. But things were different in the Netherlands. How could physical qualities be one's ideal in the Netherlands, when the best that were to show were those that Rembrandt has drawn in “Diana at the Bath” and “Danaë and Jupiter?” Clearly the worship of such beauty as that was an impossible thing.

But there were other reasons not a

whit less strong. In Holland, Protestantism had been a safety-valve of faith. Men had saved in sound health the half of their creed by resolutely lopping off the rest of it. What remained to them—to Dutchmen of the time of Rembrandt—was strongly alive and active; and in the midst of a half-hideous world, that creed summoned them to think of a world that was better, though they lacked imagination to conceive what the better might be. The influence of common Protestantism upon beauty in art—that may have been wholly bad; but this is not the place in which to speak of it. The influence of Protestantism such as Rembrandt's, upon the intellectual and spiritual sides of art, as art was practised at Amsterdam—that was probably a more mixed thing, and we do well to glance at it ere passing on. The stunted yet sturdy, realistic, unpoetical faith of the Netherlands induced in art some recognition of possible dignity in present poverty and suffering, and did, though very roughly, still unmistakably proclaim that mind and spirit were masters, and flesh but the servant of these. This Christianity did not recoil from what was physically hideous. Pity, remonstrance: these were her belongings; and they needed but too often to be used. Patiently one must accept the ugly facts of life, though passionately indeed one may sorrow and declaim, if passion of remonstrance can remove but one of them. And thus it is that Rembrandt etches seven-and-twenty plates representing in diverse phases and stages the lives and sufferings of beggar and hunchback and cripple and leper, as these crouch wretchedly in the corners of hovels, or uselessly solicit some succour from the rich, or hide in solitude their foulness and degradation. Is it not an unparalleled thing?—this array of the miserable. They are not drawn, like the beggars of Murillo, that you may behold the picturesqueness of their rags; nor like the beggars of Callot, that you may laugh at them and notice well the adroitness which will serve their ends. There is no comedy

nor farce in them, nor any beauty in their garments' shreds and patches. They are a serious fact in life: theirs is a common condition of humanity. So Rembrandt drew them, like a philosopher who accepted all things; but touched in this case by that pity for their Present, that hope for their Future, which his religion had taught him.

And here his religion is distinctly a spiritual gain to his Art. Where then, and why, is it a loss? It is a loss because somehow or other, with all this useful faith in a better future—faith which the true Renaissance held but slackly, and showed but little in its Art—the Art of Rembrandt has no scope for wide imagination: no sweet and secret thing is revealed through it: there flows through it to the minds of men no such divine message as even we of these latter days can read in the art of the earlier Florentines. True and real, very likely—it is rarely high and interpretive. The early Art of Italy, fed on a fuller faith, could do more with infinitely smaller means. Turn from the soberest of Rembrandt's sacred pictures—the picture most filled with piteous human emotion—I mean the "Death of the Virgin," which is real as the death of his mother—turn from this to the still glowing canvas on which Botticelli has imaged his conception of a Paradise with countless companies of little children, children only, round the throne of God, and in circles ever more distant, the great ones of the world—the *last*, who were *first*—and you feel at once, more strongly than can be told by any words, what Netherlands Protestantism has cost to Rembrandt; for, instead of this parable and this revelation, he can give you but a human sorrow.

Look at him for a moment, such as he is, as a religious artist; and considerable as are the merits forced upon your view, you will find that other allowances will have to be made for him than those which you have made already on account of his epoch's limited though genuine faith. Take his "Adam and Eve"—he calls it "The Temptation"

—and note the absolute vulgarity in the conception of that scene. What is our first father in this print, if not a low-bred, low-minded, but still prudent bourgeois, tempted, as such a one conceivably might be, by the leers of this squat woman and the good big mouthful of rare fruit which she holds in her outstretched hand? No doubt a part of the failure of this work is to be attributed to the heavy northern ugliness of the women of the land—an ugliness which, more than anything else, tells against Rembrandt in his treatment of the nude—but part of it is due to a cause within himself: he lacked the imagination to conceive poetically: there is nothing of seductiveness in his work; there is nothing of sweetness; there is very little of pleasure.

He lacked, I say, imagination to conceive poetically; but the subject once well found for him, he could contrive embellishments which were effective enough, and neither thought nor work was spared to give it these. His imagination did not play happily about the spirit and idea of the scene: it plied its task only to add to the strangeness or the picturesqueness of the setting. And yet the print which all the world knows as the "Hundred Guilder Piece" shows that in exceptional moods Rembrandt could conceive as worthily as he could execute. True dignity, nay, majesty, of attitude is shown in the "Raising of Lazarus;" and in the "Death of the Virgin" the artist himself has been profoundly moved—else how portray that piteous gaze and that gesture of sorrow and resignation which lift this work out of the usual level of his sacred Art! But commonly his pictures from the Testaments suffer not only under the necessary conditions of Dutch Protestant creeds, but from the absence of elevation in the types selected, the absence of spiritual imagination, and the temptation to which the artist sometimes yielded to forget his subject and its meaning, and to see in the Scriptural groups little else than a happy opportunity for the distribution of strong lights and stronger shadows.

Many, then, of his professedly religious pictures had no reason to exist. They were in truth less religious than his troop of beggar-pictures—they were less spontaneous results of his own thought. *Raison d'être* is still more lacking to some of his Academical pieces, unless indeed one is content to allow the presence of these without the justifying beauty. Action, they have; and little else. Anatomically, the drawing is not bad, for Rembrandt understood anatomy; but the figures are constantly ill-proportioned. Yet certain of these pieces, if at the same time less, are also more than Academical. Rembrandt did not much believe in Diana, and troubled himself little about Antiope. But present facts of all kinds interested him; and having etched everything under the grey Dutch sky but the bare bodies of men and women in Amsterdam, he set himself, in his later days, to etch these. These baboon or gorilla-like gaunt monsters of men—"The Bathers"—it is not possible that Rembrandt admired them, as he drew. There was more of satire than admiration. And in the whole short Academical series, what strikes you most is the cruel brutal truthfulness. There is no glimpse of any one's ideal: not even the poor and fleshy ideal of Rubens could be satisfied here. These round and palpitating figures—they begin well, perhaps, but is there one that is completely good? We single out the "Woman with the Arrow" as an exception to the common rule of ugliness—though even here we find that among critics there is no general consent of praise—and now contentedly pass on from ground where Rembrandt seems well-nigh lowest among the low, to meet him again where among the great he is almost the greatest.

There is no doubt that Rembrandt painted many portraits of persons who were never near to fame. You meet with some in public exhibitions and in private houses. Very often, like the etched portrait of Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," they are not only portraits, but elaborated compositions. Of these an example called "The Ship-

builder"—seen at Burlington House, in January 1873—will occur to many readers. But the etched portraits were often of distinguished men. Failing these persons of distinction—as when, in his youth, sitters of the desired rank were unattainable—he etched the faces that he knew most thoroughly; chiefly, indeed, his mother's. It is also to his delight in reproducing that with which he was most familiar that we must attribute the abundance of portraits of himself: now leaning at his ease upon the window-sill; and now with drawn sabre; and now with hand on hilt of sword—magnificent in meditation—and now with plainest raiment, a keen plain face looks up at you from the drawing-board. But the etched portraits, as I have said, when they were not of himself, nor of his mother, nor of the so-called "Jewish Bride," whom M. Blanc believes to be his first wife, Saskia Uylenburg, were generally of men of thought or action: of men indeed, whose thought or action had "told" upon the life of Amsterdam. "The Burgomaster Six" is a city magnate, as well as a poet and art-connoisseur. "John Asselyn" is a painter of repute. "Ephraim Bonus" is a famous physician. And Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," is Receiver-General to the States of Holland.

Among a thousand excellences in these portraits, let us note a few. See how the "Uytenbogaert" is more than a portrait—for it is a composition—and see how the keen perception, the analytical yet synthetic mind, the assured knowledge, and the hand that moves in accurate obedience to the will, have in their all but unparalleled combination enabled the artist to say clearly a dozen things instead of one, in this picture. It is a gold-weigher's room: a place for quiet business and weighty affairs. There are places enough for laziness and laughter: *this* is for serious, anxious, yet methodical and ordered toil. See, on the table, the scales and the ranged money bags: on the floor an iron-bound coffer whose strength, quite apart from size and proportion, the etcher has

shown by lines of indefinable cleverness. To the right, the trusty servant kneels to take from his master a bag of coin, which instantly he will pack in this cask upon the floor; and then he will be off upon his errand. We know him, thanks to Rembrandt's never-tiring study of his minor characters, even the Salanios and Salarinos of the drama—a prompt man, he, we say, and ever at his master's call. And Uytenbogaert? What is he, if these be his surroundings? There is a double expression in his face and gestures, conveyed with I know not what subtlety of Art, reached sometimes in the finest moments of a great player—one has seen it in Fargueil and Kate Terry. The gesture says to the servant—nay, says to all of us—how infinitely precious is that gold-weighted bag; how great must be the care of it! And the face says this too. But such a thought is only momentary. The mind, reflected in the face, is seen to be pre-occupied by many an affair. "Here, how much gold remaining to be dealt with! What accounts to finish! What business to discharge!"

Now place by the side of Uytenbogaert the portrait of Janus Lutma. The two have the same dignity: the dignity of labour. It is the Netherlands spirit. With his back to the window, from which a placid light falls on his age-whitened head, sits Janus Lutma, goldsmith, meditating on his work. By him are the implements of his art. They were used a little, but a minute ago, and soon will be resumed. Meanwhile, the nervous, active hand—an old hand, but subtle still—is relaxed, and there is no anxiety, not even the anxiety of a pleasant busy-ness, in the goldsmith's face. It is a happy, tranquil face: still keenly observant, yet greatly at rest. For in the main the work of life is done, and it has prospered—a goodly gift has been well used. There is rest in the thought of past achievements: a kindly smile on the aged mouth—mouth happily garrulous of far-away work-days! And Lutma sits there, waiting, only less plainly and immediately than the tired bell-ringer

of Rethel's one great picture—waiting for Death, who will come to him "as a friend," and find him smiling still, but with a finished task and a fulfilled career.

But in our admiration of the sentiment and character of this almost unequalled work, let us not forget the wholly marvellous technical skill which the observer may easily find in it. The play of sunshine, bright and clear, without intensity, throughout the upper half of the picture; the cold, clear stone of the slanting window-sill, *washed*, as it were, with light; the strain of the leather fabric, stretched from post to post of the chair, on either side of the old man's head, which rests, you see, against it, and presses it back; the modelling of the bushy eyebrows and short grey beard—these are but some points out of many. They may serve to lead us to the rest.

To be closely imitative is not the especial glory of etching; and Rembrandt himself is fuller of suggestion than of imitation. He does suggest texture very marvellously: sometimes in the accessories of his portraits, as in the flowered cloth of the gold-weigher's table; and sometimes in the portraits themselves, as in the long hair of the "Jewish Bride":—

"Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss;  
Freshness and fragrance; floods of it, too!"

The quality of this woman's hair is best observed in the early state of the print. There too the light is natural, the inspiration direct. Thus far the thing has been done at a sitting. In the finished picture the light is a studio light, and the work, while very vigorous and scientific, lacks the particular delightfulness of a sudden transcript from nature and the life.

"A transcript from the life"—it is that, more than any qualities of *technique* and elaboration, that gives an interest so intense to Rembrandt's portraits. It is hardly too much to say of him that his labour is faithful in proportion as it is speedy. He must have observed with

the utmost keenness and rapidity, and it is with a like rapidity that he must have executed all that is intellectually greatest in his work. Absorbed in his own labours,—singularly free, we may be sure, from petty personal vanities, and the desire to please unworthily—Rembrandt has given to his sitters the same air of absorption. They are not occupied at all with the artist who is drawing them: no, nor with those who will notice his work. The Burgomaster Six, leaning against the window-sill, is deep, I take it, in his own manuscript play. Bonus, the physician, halts upon the stair, not quite resolved whether he shall turn back to ask one other question or give one other counsel. Coppenol is absolutely occupied in giving the boy his writing lesson. Rembrandt himself, looking up from the drawing-board, looks up only for observation. And it is thanks to the absence of detachment from habitual life and work—it is thanks to the every-day reality of the faces and their surroundings—that these portraits of Rembrandt, when considered together, give us the means of transport across two hundred years. We are in Amsterdam, in the 17th century; mingling with the city's movement; knowing familiarly its works and ways. Absolute individuality of character,—truth, not only to external appearance, but to the very mind and soul of the men who are portrayed—*and* ruth, be it noted, arrived at very swiftly, and expressed with an unflinching hand, cramped by no nervous and fidgeting anxiety—this, I suppose, the world may recognize in the etched portraits of Rembrandt.

How true the hands are to the faces and the lives! Care, and not over-care, has been bestowed upon them. There is in every hand Rembrandt has drawn prominently, a master's rapid facility and a master's power. Mark the fat hands of Renier Anslou,—that stolid Anabaptist minister,—and the fine, discerning, discriminating hand of Clement de Jonghe, the printseller: a man accustomed to the deft fingering of delicate papers. Mark too the nervous hand of

that brooding student, Haaring the younger, whom one knows to have been something finer than a common auctioneer. And for physical feebleness, seen in an old man's hand, note the wavering hand of Haaring the elder. For physical strength in an old man's hand—a tenacious hand for sure yet subtle uses—see the sinewy craftsman's hand of Lutma.

It has long been the fashion to admire, indiscriminately, the *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, which does indeed very often deserve a wholly unlimited admiration, but which is open now and then to Mr. Ruskin's charge, that it is both forced and untrue. What people perceive the soonest and praise the most are the more "sensational" of his effects of light and shade. Seeing these, they think that they see all. But it takes long to understand how much of consummate art there is in that real power of Rembrandt's: how it is something much more than the mere brutal force of contrast. The violence of contrast is usually presented in interiors,—especially in fancy subjects,—and when one passes to the landscapes, one ceases to remark it frequently. The *disposition* of light and shade is not less masterly in these—but sometimes rather more—but its *effect* is less immediate. There are two exceptions: for we get the old familiar juxtaposition of strongest light and deepest dark in the "Grotto with a Brook"—here chiefly in the first state—and we get it to some extent in the "Three Trees," which, though the lines of the sky are hard and wiry, is yet justly esteemed among the best of Rembrandt's landscapes, because of its extraordinary vigour and passion of storm, and because of that clear sense of space and open country which you have as you look at it. But for an example of the most subtle qualities of *chiaroscuro* in Rembrandt, one must go back for an instant to the portraits, and look at the picture of Abraham Franz. He was a devoted amateur—an example to all amateurs; for he denied himself many necessities of life, so that he might possess a collection of great prints.



Look at his portrait, in the first state only. He sits in a room just light enough for him to be able to examine his print, critically, lovingly, at his chosen station in the window. Behind him is a curtain, and across the curtain fall certain streaks of gentle sunlight, which are among the really greatest, most ordered, most restrained achievements of a master's art.

As a landscape-painter, Rembrandt was in advance of his age; or rather, he had the courage to interpret the spirit of his own time and country. While Poussin still peopled his glades with gods and goddesses, and Claude set the shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadian days reclining in the cool shadows of his meadows, Rembrandt drew just such things as were before him whenever he went forth from Amsterdam to any neighbouring village, trudging slowly along the high road, edged with stunted trees, or wandering by the side of the weary canal. Thus it is that at one point at least he touched the moderns, but at other points he was very far removed from them. If he sketched the woman going to market and the farmer on his horse, he did so because these objects happened to be before him and could give some animation to his landscapes. But he did not seek in any other way to connect the scenery with the figures. The poetry of country life and country pursuits did not exist for him, any more than there existed for him Turner's sense, now of the terrible accord, but oftener of the yet more terrible discord, between the face of Nature and the weary work and wearier life of Man. To show the "pollard labourers" of England as they are—human life at its poorest, and the country at its dreariest—the immortal artist of *Liber Studiorum* devotes a plate to Hedging and Ditching. He means you to see clearly that these battered peasants are as stunted and as withered as the willow trunk they hew. To show the undertone of sympathy between the fleeting day and the brief sweetness of human joy, the great Venetian places the music party in the garden, by the

fountain, and paints the figures when the viol has stopped:—

"And the brown faces cease to sing,  
Sad with the whole of pleasure."

But the one thing and the other are alike far from Rembrandt. He cannot take into his landscape the passion of humanity.

Sometimes,—not often,—Rembrandt etched landscapes because he found them fascinating: one can hardly say, beautiful. More often he etched them because they were before him; and whatever was before him roused his intellectual interest. They are not indeed without their own peculiar beauty, nor was the artist quite insensible to this. Sometimes he even seeks for beauty; not at all in individual form, but in the combinations of a composition, in blendings of shadow and sunshine, and in effects of storm and space. Once—it is in the view of Omval—the figures in the landscape take their pleasure. It is a Dutch picnic, for Omval is the Lido or the Richmond of Amsterdam. There is quiet water, pleasant air, and a day's leisure; and it gives a zest to joy to keep in view the city towers, under which at the day's end we shall return.

But generally it is the common facts of life that Rembrandt chronicles in landscape. Men and women, when they are there at all, pursue their common tasks. Thus, in the "Village with the Canal" there is a woman trudging with her dog; there is a distant horseman who presently will cross the bridge; and a boat with set sail is gliding down the stream. In a "Large Landscape, with Cottage and Dutch Barn," there is more than the ordinary beauty of composition. It is a fine picture for space, for sunniness, for peace, and is a master's work in its grouping of rustic foreground, and country house half hidden by the trees, and tranquil water, and distant town. In the "Gold-weaver's Field" the composition is less admirable. The picture sprawls. There is too much subject for one plate, or too little subject that is prominently first, or too much that is dangerously near to the first,—so that the eye is diverted, and at the same time

fatigued. Here Rembrandt falls into the fault of some of our earlier water-colour painters. His picture is a map: a bird's-eye view. Accuracy is sought after till sentiment is lost: details are insisted on till we forget the *ensemble*. Too anxious is Rembrandt to include the greatest and the least of Uytenbogaert's possessions: the villa, the farm, the copse, the meadows—we must know the capacities of the estate. But commonly, indeed, this is not the fault. Commonly there is a master's abstraction, a master's eye to unity. It is so in the few lines, of which each one is a guiding line, of "Six's Bridge"—a piece which shows us the plain wooden foot-bridge placed athwart the small canal, and the stunted trees that break, however so little, the flatness of the earth-line and the weary stretch of level land, under an unmoved grey sheet of sky. It is so, still more notably, in the "View of Amsterdam," where miles away, behind the meadows of the foreground, there rise above the long monotony of field and field-path, slow canal and dyke and lock, the towers of the busy town.

Great in composition, abstraction,

unity, Rembrandt is also great in verisimilitude. What restful haunts in shadow under the meeting boughs of the orchard trees!—how good is the thatch that covers the high barns and the peaked house-roofs of the village-street! And a last excellence—perfect tonality—is to be found in "Rembrandt's Mill;" a plate upon which a great amount of quite unfounded sentiment has been expended, since it is now proved that this mill was not the painter's birthplace, nor for any cause cherished by him with exceptional affection,—a plate, which, nevertheless, has to be singled out as perhaps the most wholly satisfactory of his landscapes: certainly for tonality and unity of expression it is the most faultless. Etching has never done more than it has done in this picture, for it seems *painted* as well as drawn,—this warm grey mill, lifting its stone and wood and tile-work, mellow with evening, against the dim large spaces of the quiet sky.

The work of Claude must be left to a future opportunity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## NOT LOST.

## I.

Being rooted like trees in one place,  
 Our brain-foliage toss'd  
 Like the leaves of the trees that are caught  
 By the four winds of heaven, some thought  
 Blows out of the world into space,  
 And seems lost.

## II.

We fret, the mind labours, heart bleeds;  
 We believe and we fear,  
 We believe and we hope, in a Lie,  
 Or a Truth; or we doubt till we die,  
 Purlblindly examining creeds  
 With a sneer.

## III.

To Life we apply an inch rule,  
 And to its Bestower;  
 Each to self an infallible priest,  
 Each struts to the top of the feast,  
 And says to his brother, "Thou fool!  
 Go down lower."

## IV.

But fall'n like trees from our place,  
 Hid, imbedded, emmoss'd;  
 Our dead leaves are raked up for mould,  
 And some that were sun-ripe and gold,  
 Blown out of the world into space,  
 Are not lost.

MARY BROTHERTON.

## MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

THE condition of Ireland at the time to which Mr. Froude's second volume introduces us (1761) was very deplorable. The Catholics, who constituted about four-fifths of the population, were still ground to the dust by the penal laws. Excluded from every vestige of political power, shut out from the learned professions, forbidden to purchase land or acquire any lasting interest in the soil, arrested by restrictive laws in almost every avenue to wealth, their education proscribed, their bishops living in the country only by connivance, their families distracted by laws that were specially intended to induce the wife to rebel against her husband and the child against his father,—they had sunk into that condition of absolute impotence to which, in Mr. Froude's judgment, it should at all times be the object of English legislation to reduce them. The Presbyterians were still subject to the Sacramental test. The industry of the country was paralysed by law. Irishmen were forbidden to carry on a direct trade with the British colonies, to export their raw wool to any foreign country, or their manufactured wool to any country whatever; and even the flax and hemp manufacture, which alone was left them, was injured by disabling duties imposed on Irish sailcloth, and by the exclusion of the Irish from bounties given to English mill-owners. The classes engaged in manufactures emigrated by thousands to America, and the destruction or restriction of industrial life threw almost the whole remaining population for subsistence upon the soil. Rack rents, paid in many instances to absent landlords, tithes wrung from a wretched peasantry in support of the Church of the rich minority, the inclosure of commons, the numerous evictions caused by the conversion of arable into pasture land, to meet the great

demand for cattle resulting from the war, abject poverty and the absence of all legal provision for the poor, had together produced the outrages of the White Boys among the Catholics of the South, and the outrages of the Oak Boys and the Hearts of Steel among the Protestants of the North. The Parliament had scarcely any independent legislative power, for the authorities in England could alter or reject any measure it passed. The judges held office during pleasure. All the highest posts in Church and State were monopolized by Englishmen. The scanty revenues of the country were burdened by a heavy pension list paid in a great degree to persons who were wholly unconnected with Ireland.

Such was the condition of the country after a long period during which it had been completely passive and powerless in the hands of the English Government. No body in Ireland had the capacity, or indeed any great disposition, to resist; and the nation, whatever may have been its disadvantages in other respects, had at least the benefit of being governed exclusively by English ideas. About the middle of the eighteenth century, however, a strong desire arose among many Irishmen to make their own Parliament as independent as that of England, and also a faithful reflex of the opinions of the nation, and at the same time, by the abolition of the penal code, to fill up gradually the menacing chasm between the Catholics and the Protestants. The folly and mischievous character of these tendencies it is Mr. Froude's main object in these volumes to demonstrate.

The views which Mr. Froude adopts about representative governments are not confined to Ireland. It is impossible to read his book without perceiving that he is entirely out of harmony

with the general principles of constitutional government as they are understood equally by both of the great parties in the state. The value of representative government as sustaining and expressing the public opinion of a country, the belief that a government can only be permanently useful which is in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the governed, the conception of liberty, according to which a people have a right to determine by their representatives the laws they obey and the disposition of the taxes they pay, the conviction that the best way of forming a healthy political opinion in a nation is to call up in turn class after class to the exercise of public functions, that the best guarantee of the purity of an administration is to subject it to strict popular control, that the best way of meeting dangerous political discontent is to provide a constitutional arena in which the peccant humours of the state may find free vent, and in which any grievance may be fully discussed—may be said to lie at the very root of English public life. They have made England what she is, have secured her in the opinions of most persons as large an amount of happiness and greatness as has fallen to the share of any other nation, and have enabled her to surmount many dangers that have wrecked the constitutions and eclipsed the prosperity of her neighbours. In the eyes of Mr. Froude all these maxims of policy are delusions. In this, as in other matters, he is a complete disciple of Mr. Carlyle, whose influence, inspiration and peculiar antipathies may be traced in every page of this book, and who, as is well known, is of opinion that despotism is the ideal government; that England, since the time of Cromwell, has been steadily declining, and that her free Parliament is her greatest curse. Mr. Froude's views on the subject are shadowed out with all the obscure majesty of prophetic diction. "Who is free?" asked the ancient sage, and he answered his own question: 'The man who is master of himself.' 'Who is free?' asks the modern liberal poli-

tician, and he answers: 'A man who has a voice in making the laws which he is expected to obey.' Does the freedom of a painter consist in his having himself consented to the laws of perspective and light and shade? That nation is the most free where the laws, by whomsoever framed, correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience.<sup>1</sup> The doctrine that "freedom consists in the consent of the governed to the laws which they were required to obey," we are informed, very scornfully, but not very perspicuously, is equivalent to the assertion that "their consent was required to the laws which would break their necks if they fell over a precipice."<sup>2</sup> A constitutional opposition is described as essentially absurd, and the system in which it exists is contrasted greatly to its disadvantage with the secret committees under the Plantagenets and Tudors. In some quiet times, it is admitted, though with evident hesitation, "the advantage of the modern system may for a time outweigh its evils;" but in all times of danger and excitement it is an unmixed calamity.<sup>3</sup> "Under constitutional governments spontaneous loyalty is the last virtue which obtains recognition . . . their business is not to encourage the good, but to conciliate the bad."<sup>4</sup> Popular governments "can destroy class privileges and overthrow institutions, but their function ends in destruction." We in England "have committed ourselves to the enthusiastic beliefs of which the Dungannon resolutions were no more than the crude expression. We have a new philosophy to gild a phenomenon which would look less pretty were its character confessed. We have made an idol of spurious freedom, and are worshipping it with unflinching devotion . . . false though it be in its principles, the philosophy of progress pushes its way towards its goal with unflinching confidence. . . At length the wheel will have come round, and finding ourselves

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 368.<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. 1.<sup>3</sup> Vol. iii. 220, 221.<sup>4</sup> Vol. iii. 170.



not in Paradise at all, but sitting in arid desolation amidst the wrecks of our institutions, we shall painfully wake from our dream, and begin again the long toil of reconstruction."<sup>1</sup>

Of the immense evils of popular institutions, Ireland, in Mr. Froude's judgment, forms a striking example. He certainly shows himself no admirer of the British Government in Ireland. He dwells with indignation on "the iniquitous trade-laws of England, her scandalous misappropriation of Irish affairs, her long contemptuous neglect of every duty which a ruling country owed to an annexed dependency." He tells us that the wrongs "of which America had to complain were but mosquito-bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on the trade and manufactures of Ireland," that "never in the history of the world had any subjects more just cause for complaint" than the English settlers in Ireland; but he maintains that no evil was so great as "the delusion that Ireland could be honourably governed by a Parliament of her own," "the mischief of conferring free institutions on a people who were confessedly liable to corrupt influences." There was a "proved impossibility of so much as commencing the reformation of Ireland so long as a separate legislature existed there." "The fatal privilege of constitutional self-government which she wanted honesty to use plunged her into a deeper abyss" than that she had before escaped, and if the upper classes of the community were very corrupt, "political liberty was the cause of the corruption."<sup>2</sup>

And now let us examine for a moment what was the constitution of that representative body the corruption of which furnishes a decisive proof of the eternal incapacity of the Irish for self-government, and a strong presumption against constitutional freedom in general. It was a Parliament in which the Catholics, who formed four-fifths of the people of Ireland, were absolutely unrepresented. They could not sit in it,

or, until 1793, vote for its members. It was a Parliament in which the Non-conformists, who formed about half of the remainder of the population, were almost equally unrepresented. They had little or no county influence, and most of the borough members were elected by the corporations from which by the Test Act they were excluded. It was a Parliament which it would be an absurd mockery to describe as a faithful representative even of the half million of Protestants who adhered to the Establishment. Its constitution had been specially moulded by royal prerogative in order to render it amenable to corrupt influence. No less than 40 boroughs were created by James I., and 36 by the other sovereigns of the House of Stuart. Out of the 300 members who composed it, 216 were returned by boroughs or manors, and of these borough members 176, according to the estimate of Mr. Froude, were nominated by individuals;<sup>1</sup> according to another authority, 200 were elected by 100 individuals, and nearly 50 by ten.<sup>2</sup> Until 1768, when the Octennial Bill was carried, the Parliament was secure from popular control for a whole reign. That of George II. lasted for thirty-three years. The Castle, directly or through the instrumentality of the Bishops, who were large borough-owners, habitually controlled a large proportion of the boroughs, and the vast patronage at its disposal was systematically employed in corruption. "From the peerage downwards through all the branches of the State, promotion had been the recompense of dishonesty. Employment under the crown had been either bought and sold in the open market, bartered away for political support, flung as bribes to political agitators, or bestowed on some member of a powerful family who could not decently be provided for in England."<sup>3</sup> It was the confession or the boast of Fitzgibbon, the great hero of this book, that one important division

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. 1-4.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. 64, 83, 144, 183; vol. iii. 472, 490.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 366.

<sup>2</sup> Grattan's Life, vol. iv. 116, 117.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. iii. 471.

under Lord Townshend had cost the Government half a million of money; and it is said that out of the majority of 158 who rejected Flood's Reform Bill in 1784, no less than 138 held places or pensions from the Government.

It certainly requires some courage to represent the corruption of such a body as this as a consequence of political liberty or a proof of the incapacity of a nation for self-government. Men are in the main what their circumstances have made them, and in no country and in no age could a Parliament so constituted have been other than corrupt. The real wonder is that it should have proved itself, as it unquestionably did, a vigilant guardian of the material interests of the country, that it should have contained a certain number of very honest and very able statesmen, and should have made itself a centre of strong national enthusiasm.

"Accident," says Mr. Froude, "or the circumstances of the country, had created in Ireland a knot of gentlemen whose abilities and whose character would anywhere have marked them for distinction." The great object which they placed before them was to make Parliament an independent body, to kindle around it a strong national spirit which might correct its evils, and above all so to reform its constitution as to make it subject to popular control. They believed that by these means they could gradually purify it. "They were possessed," Mr. Froude says, "with the flattering illusion which was pervading the air of Europe, that public virtue is not the parent of liberty, but its child; that to emancipate a people from control and place the power of the state in their hands was to raise their character to a level with their new duties." It is a delusion, we are told, still found among those "sanguine people who believe in the regenerative virtues of the ballot-box and polling-booths." "If reform was to be effectual, each one of them must begin with the reform of his own heart."<sup>1</sup>

Undoubtedly the power of political

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 366, 406-7.

reform in effecting national reformation has often been exaggerated, but as undoubtedly it is very real. What man of common sense can deny that the existence of a strong patriotic feeling in a representative body diminishes its corruption, and how can such a feeling exist in an assembly which is in no real sense a representative of the nation and which has no efficient power of legislation? When men are placed under the strongest temptations to do wrong, and when almost every inducement to do right has been removed, they will necessarily become demoralized. Change the circumstances, diminish their temptations, strengthen the safeguards of virtue, and you will not at once regenerate them, but you will at least so alter the conditions of political life that a progressive improvement is inevitable. The English Parliament never was surrounded by influences of corruption as powerful as those in Ireland, yet there was a time when, in the words of Macaulay, "a large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest," and when "the country could therefore be only governed by corruption." All this has been changed, and the change is chiefly due to laws which have brought the legislature into closer harmony with the people, and to laws which have increased the dangers and the difficulties of corruption.

Mr. Froude's remedy, however, is very simple. It is "the suspension of the power of self-government." This alone could have benefited Ireland. The Parliament should have been dismissed, all attempts at representative government should have been abandoned, and the direction of affairs should have been entrusted to a council responsible only to the English Government.<sup>1</sup>

Let us then examine the probable effects of this measure. In the opinion of Mr. Froude, Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century was suffering from five great evils. These were the commercial disabilities, the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 64, 80, 88, 406.

Test Act, absenteeism, corruption, and disaffection. The first would certainly not have been remedied by the plan which he proposes, for they were imposed on the country wholly by English authority, were constantly resisted by the Irish Parliament, and were at last abolished through the combined action of that Parliament and of the Volunteers. The Test Act was also sent over from England. Its abolition was one of the first fruits of the appearance of a strong national and patriotic spirit in the Parliament, and it was effected in 1779 in spite of the strenuous opposition of the English Cabinet.<sup>1</sup> Absenteeism was in a great degree the consequence of those confiscations which Mr. Froude in his former volume so warmly defended, and which threw a great part of Ireland into the hands of English noblemen. Mr. Froude dilates upon its evil effects with extraordinary power, and maintains that an absentee tax was one of the first necessities for Ireland. Unfortunately for his theory, he has himself described at great length how ready the Irish Parliament was in 1773 and in 1797 to pass such a tax, how much influence and what tortuous manoeuvres were resorted to by the Government for the purpose of defeating it, and how entirely the opposition to it came from the influence of the great nobles upon the Cabinet of England.<sup>2</sup> Was such a tax more likely to be favoured by a Parliament of resident Irish gentlemen, or by an English council responsible only to the Government of the country in which those absentees resided; or would the inducements to live in Ireland be increased by the abolition of the Parliament and the consequent extinction of the brilliant metropolitan society that had grown up around it? The corruption of Parliament would no doubt have terminated with its existence, but there was another form which would have been proportionately increased. The English Parliament took practically no cognisance of Irish pa-

tronage, and the detestable system of placing in Irish offices, or on the Irish pension list, men whose appointment would produce too great a scandal in England, was absolutely unchecked except by the feeble protests of the Irish Parliament. There remains then the disaffection of the people. Was it likely that this would have been abated by the destruction of the political freedom of the whole proprietary? Was it probable that a council representing only the British Cabinet would carry the moral weight even of the most defective Parliament? When the Volunteers rose to arms to protect their country, and at the same time to extort from England political and commercial independence, when their representatives had formed themselves into a Convention for the purpose of obtaining Parliamentary Reform from the Government, when the country seemed brought to the verge of revolution, and more than 100,000 drilled men were enrolled, the Parliament, fearing the danger to liberty and to the connection, of the dictation of an armed body, passed a solemn resolution condemning the Volunteer organization. Corrupt and narrow as that Parliament was, the resolution had its effect. The Volunteer Convention, with a loyalty and a moderation for which it deserves a very different recognition from any it obtains from Mr. Froude, consented to disband, and by the authority of the Irish Parliament a rebellion, which would have been the most formidable England ever encountered, was averted. Is it likely that a council in no degree representing the nation would have had an equal weight?

It may appear, I think, from these considerations, that Mr. Froude's constructive policy does not contrast as favourably as he imagines with that of the "orators" of the Irish Parliament. The term "orator" in Mr. Froude's vocabulary necessarily implies complete political fatuity, and he imitates very closely the language of Mr. Carlyle, who has made the evil of speech and the advantages of silence the basis of

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 249.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. 150-157; vol. iii. 231-233.

a philosophy which is now comprised in rather more than thirty considerable volumes. Oratory, or the gift of vivid, powerful or persuasive speech, like literary talent, may or may not be associated with sound judgment or wide knowledge, but that it is in itself a proof or even a presumption that the person who possesses it is deficient in the qualities of a statesman is not likely to appear credible to the countrymen of the two Pitts, of Fox, of Canning, and of Gladstone. "The brilliancy of oratory," Mr. Froude assures us, "is at all times, and from the very nature of the art, in the inverse ratio of the truth contained in it;" from which it would appear that in his opinion an idea or a judgment becomes false in exact proportion to the beauty of the language in which it is expressed.

The movement, however, such as it was, was an inevitable and in a great degree a spontaneous one. The indignation produced by the commercial laws, the abuses of the pension list, the quarrels of a few great families with the Viceroy about the disposition of patronage, the speeches and writings of a few very able men, and the gradual subsidence of the animosity that had long divided the Catholics from the Protestants, were the chief causes. The Octennial Bill of 1768 was the first considerable step of reform. The brilliant eloquence and the pure and noble character of Grattan gave an extraordinary impulse to the movement, and the American Revolution kindled the enthusiasm of the nation into a flame. The questions of commercial disabilities and of national independence lay at the root of the American Revolution. Irish Presbyterians, who had emigrated from Ulster but had left many memories behind them, were among the most prominent of the soldiers of Washington. At a time when a French fleet were menacing Ireland the country was left almost destitute of English troops. The Irish Protestants formed themselves into a disciplined army under the guidance of the gentry for the protection of the country, and

they then very naturally proceeded to demand the redress of their political and economical grievances. They accordingly formed themselves into a Convention which probably represented the opinion of the country much more faithfully than the Parliament, and succeeded in conjunction with the Parliament in extorting many very considerable concessions. Free trade to the plantations was restored. The disabilities imposed upon Irish wool were removed. The constitutional independence of Parliament was recognized, and nearly at the same time the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords was restored; the Judges were secured in their posts, the Habeas Corpus Act was for the first time granted to Ireland, and a biennial Mutiny Act made the Irish military establishments subject to the constitutional control of the Parliament.

"Now at last," writes Mr. Froude, "all obstacles to the Irish millennium were gone. Every measure had been granted which the people had demanded as necessary to their happiness." As if a Parliament in which two-thirds of the seats were nomination boroughs could possibly be regarded as in any rational sense a fair representative body, or a state of society in which four-fifths of the nation were serfs as a millennium! If the independence of Parliament was not to be perfectly illusory, it was necessary that its absurd constitution and its scandalous corruption should be remedied by a Reform Bill, and it was no less necessary to the security of the whole nation that the gulf between the Catholics and the Protestants should be filled. Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation became the two great ends to which the party represented by Grattan aspired. They failed in obtaining them, and their failure was the real cause of the Rebellion of 1798.

On the first point the Irish Liberals were substantially agreed, and the nature of their demands will be best shown by quoting the principal articles of Flood's Reform Bill of 1784. It provided that

the close boroughs should be opened by giving votes to all Protestant forty-shilling freeholders, and to householders of thirty-one years of which fifteen were unexpired; that the franchise of decayed boroughs should be extended to the adjoining parishes; that pensioners during pleasure should be excluded from Parliament, and pensioners for life, as well as placeholders, should be compelled to vacate their seats; that an oath against bribery should be administered to the members, and that the Parliament should be made triennial. This bill—which surely to an English mind will not appear very extravagant—was supported by several borough-owners, who with eminent patriotism volunteered to sacrifice to the country, without compensation, what was then regarded as private property. Emanating in the first instance from the Volunteer Convention, it was afterwards brought forward when the Convention had been dissolved, and was supported by numerous petitions from every part of the country. It applied only to the Protestants. It would probably have cured—it would certainly have greatly palliated—the evils of corruption, and it would have made the Parliament a fair representative of at least the Protestant portion of the community. Nor is there any real reason to hold with Mr. Froude that it would have produced a convulsion. There was no doubt much republicanism among the Presbyterians of the North, but with a free Parliament every real grievance would have disappeared. The Parliament itself was intensely loyal. Its very first act on acquiring its independence was to vote large supplies for the support of the British Navy, nor was there at any time a really disaffected party within its walls. Grattan especially was passionately loyal. Among the Volunteers there was, no doubt, a party who desired revolution, but, strangely enough, their leader was an Englishman and a Bishop; and the vote which conferred the presidency on Lord Charlemont instead of on the Bishop of Derry, and the dissolution of the Convention upon the vote of censure which was passed by the Par-

liament, show beyond all reasonable doubt the essential loyalty of the body. The arrangement of 1782 would probably not have been final, but the experiment ought at least to have been honestly tried. If it failed, Ireland would gain more by a union than England, and a union that represented her real wishes would have been an unmixed benefit to the empire. Everything, however, depended on the policy of the Castle. With the overwhelming power the nomination boroughs had given the Government, a reform could never be carried in the face of its opposition; and the manner in which it treated this question, and the system on which it disposed of its patronage, would determine whether the Constitution of 1782 was accepted as a reality.

The greatest danger, however, of the situation lay in the laws against the Catholics. A legislation which was deliberately intended to paralyse the energies of the great majority of the people, which was in open hostility to their religion, and which made it impossible for Catholic talent and ambition to make a career except at the price of religious apostasy, could not fail to generate rebellious instincts and lawless habits. Authority was deprived of all reverence, and every department of national life was vitiated in turn. A Parliament was necessarily corrupt which disposed of the national revenues without any real control from the body of the people. Landlords planted in the midst of serfs inevitably contracted the vices of slaveholders. The professions were filled with men assuming for emolument a religion they did not believe. The poor were taught to look on law as the natural enemy of religion, while the tithes that were wrung from their misery made the most wretched cottier perpetually sensible of the injustice of his lot. Considered as a proselytizing agency, the code had utterly and ignominiously failed. The Charter Schools, which were intended to give a good industrial education to the people, had sunk into complete decay because (to Mr. Froude's great admiration) they



made instruction in the Protestant creed the condition of obtaining it. The effects of the code were purely temporal and purely evil. Mr. Froude, who speaks with much truth of the pre-eminent necessity in Ireland of just laws firmly enforced, is the apologist for this, the master injustice of Irish legislation; and appealing to the Continental laws against the Protestants, he is very angry with Burke for having spoken of its unexampled inhumanity. The answer is evident. The Continental laws, atrocious as they were, were directed against a small fraction, the Irish laws against the great majority of the nation. In Mr. Froude's judgment the penal code, in its essential parts, ought to have been preserved to the present hour. He tells us, in language not very consistent with his denunciations either of Irish ingratitude or of Irish rebels, but which will doubtless be repeated in every Fenian newspaper, that "it is only when ceasing to be Catholics that it was possible for the Irish to become loyal subjects to the British Crown . . . The Irishman who was at once a Celt and a Catholic received a legacy of bitterness from the past which he was forbidden to forget. The invaders were in possession of the land of his fathers. He had been stripped of his inheritance for his fidelity to his creed. He saw himself trodden down into serfdom on the soil which had been his own, and England—England alone—he knew to be the cause of his sorrows." "Centuries of injustice and neglect had divided the Irish nation into a proletariat to whom law was synonymous with tyranny, and into an aristocracy and gentry who, deprived of the natural inducements to honourable energy, lived only for idle amusements, and used political power as a means of recruiting their exchequer."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Froude accordingly assures us that Duigenan only spoke "the bitter truth" when he said that "no Irish Catholic either is, was, or ever will be, a loyal subject of a British Protestant king or a Protestant Government;" that "however English statesmen may please to quarrel with it,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 195, 406.

it was, is, and ever will be, the exact truth" which Fitzgibbon spoke when he declared that "as long as the claims of Rome to universal spiritual dominion over the Christian world shall be maintained, it is impossible that any man who admits them can exercise the legislative powers of a Protestant state with temper and justice;" that Camden knew "that Catholic loyalty when most loudly professed was from the lips outwards;" that "no sincere Irish Catholic could ever, as Lord Clare said, be voluntarily loyal to a Protestant Sovereign."<sup>1</sup> It was necessary that the Catholics should be "bridled and bitted;" that the "claws" of the Catholic clergy should be "pared," and "their teeth drawn;" and Mr. Froude accordingly regards with evident disgust the bill of 1778 enabling Catholics to hold leases of 999 years as "the final surrender of the policy which was designed to throw the whole soil of Ireland into Protestant hands"—the first serious departure from that happy state in which (four-fifths of the nation being Catholics) "intellect, education, property, political power—everything that could make itself felt as a constituent of national life—was still Protestant."

A writer who seriously regrets the penal code and implies that the whole Catholic population of Ireland ought as far as possible to be deprived of every description of political representation, is not deserving as a politician of a serious answer. However much it may please literary gentlemen in search of sensational paradox to coquet with such views, any responsible statesman who acted on them would be very properly regarded as more fit for a place in Bedlam than for a place in Downing Street. Their principal importance arises from the fact, that in exact proportion as it is believed in Ireland that these opinions are held by

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. 88, 97, 102, 326, 183. An admirer of Mr. Froude in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (May 8) has the astonishing hardihood to assure us that "Mr. Froude has nowhere said or implied that Catholic Emancipation was a bad thing in itself."

large sections of Englishmen will the Irish Catholics inevitably pass into the ranks of Home Rule. It is, indeed, hardly possible that any Irish Catholic can read this book without being more or less alienated from Great Britain. The passages that have been cited amount to nothing less than a distinct charge of treachery and hypocrisy against every sincere member of his creed who has ever filled an office under the State, fought under its banner, or professed his loyalty to its sovereign. The reader must form his own estimate of a writer who, with the obvious effect of sowing dissension among his fellow-subjects, deals in such charges as these.

Mr. Froude's authority, however, is greater in dealing with the past than with the present, and it is worth while to examine whether in the eighteenth century the Irish Catholics displayed such inveterate disloyalty as to render it hopeless by reasonable government to conciliate them. Grattan and the liberal party, who knew them well, strenuously denied it, and the facts to which they could appeal were sufficiently emphatic.

During the great rebellion of 1715, the Irish Catholics had remained perfectly passive. In 1725, Swift, in his "Drapier's Letters," declared that the party of the Pretender was almost extinct among them, and that they were completely inoffensive. In 1745, when the Scotch rebellion and the invasion of England convulsed Great Britain, and at one time seriously menaced the metropolis, there was not a ripple of agitation in Ireland, and when the rebellion was over, Stone, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, declared in Parliament that, having carefully examined the whole correspondence of the Jacobites which had been seized on the person of the Secretary of the Pretender, he had not discovered "the least trace, hint, or intimation" of any communication between the rebels and the Irish Catholics. In the war which ended in 1763, when England was opposed to two Catholic powers, the Catholics, under the guidance of Lord Trimleston, made warm overtures for permission to support

her in the field, and Halifax, the Lord Lieutenant, has left the most emphatic testimony to their loyalty. In the American war, while the Presbyterians who had emigrated to America, irritated by far lighter wrongs than those of the Catholics, were in the fore-front of the rebellion, the Catholics not only abstained from the slightest demonstration that could embarrass the Government, but were conspicuous and even servile in their manifestations of loyalty. The Catholic landlords, the higher Catholic clergy, and the Catholic merchants, showed a constant disposition to ally themselves with the Government. The deep resentment caused by the conduct of James after the battle of the Boyne, and by the penal laws of Anne, had destroyed almost all sympathy with the Stuarts. The genius of the Church during the eighteenth century was everywhere to strengthen authority, and the Irish brigade carried away the most turbulent spirits. That much very natural disaffection smouldered among the lower clergy, the ejected proprietors, and the peasantry is no doubt true, but the evil, if it could not be wholly cured, could at least be greatly mitigated. The bad effects of the confiscations had been incalculably aggravated by the penal laws, which deepened the dangerous division of classes by forbidding Catholics to intermarry with Protestants, to purchase land, to hold long leases, and to invest their money in mortgages on land, and provided that on the death of a Catholic his land should be divided equally among his sons, unless the eldest consented to apostatize, and that his children, if minors, should pass under the guardianship of a Protestant. The disaffection of the Catholic peasantry arose chiefly from extreme and abject misery, from the burden of the tithes they were compelled to pay to an alien Church, from the system of absenteeism which, but for the resistance of the Government, the Irish Parliament would have corrected by an absentee tax. "Had the new owners resided on their estates, had they . . . treated their tenants as human beings and helped

them to live in decency, the Irish were not formed so differently from the common posterity of Adam, but that in time their prejudices would have given way. But to four-fifths of the Irish peasantry the change of masters meant only a grinding tyranny. . . . The peasant of Tipperary was in the grasp of a dead hand. The will of a master whom he never saw was enforced against him by a law inexorable as destiny. The absentee landlords of Ireland had neither community of interest with their people nor sympathy of race. . . . They had no fear of their resentment and no desire for their welfare, and cared no more for them than a slave-owner for his slaves."<sup>1</sup> "Left to his own impulses the Irishman allows himself to be guided by his natural chief, the owner of the soil on which he lives. Let the law and the landlord become his friends indeed, and the instinct will then turn into active loyalty, and the field of Irish agitation will cease to yield a harvest."<sup>2</sup>

The abolition of the penal laws, an alteration in the manner of paying the Protestant clergy, an absentee tax, a real reform of Parliament, and perhaps a small payment to the Catholic clergy, would not have put an end to all disloyalty in Ireland, but they would certainly have reduced it to insignificant proportions. The dispositions of the Protestants were eminently favourable. In 1782 the Protestant Volunteers passed a resolution expressing their warm satisfaction at the relaxations of the penal code; and in the same year, Hely Hutchinson, the Provost of Trinity College, advocated the admission of Catholic students to that University, the establishment of sizarships for their benefit, and the foundation of a Catholic Divinity Professorship within its walls.<sup>3</sup> Two years later, the Corporations, both of Dublin and Belfast, petitioned for the complete abolition of the penal code.<sup>4</sup> In Ireland, as in most countries, religious bigotry had greatly declined. Commercial interests, and especially the feeling of a common nationality, were replacing

it, and the short period in which the Irish Parliament really represented the people was that in which all the disabilities of the Protestant Nonconformists were removed, and the first important steps were taken in abolishing the penal laws. A few years later, when Lord Fitzwilliam believed himself authorized to support Catholic Emancipation, he was able to state that the measure was one "ardently desired by the Roman Catholics, asked for by very many Protestants, and cheerfully acquiesced in by nearly all." Numerous addresses poured in, in its favour. There was absolutely no counter-demonstration, and the warm vote of confidence in Lord Fitzwilliam passed by the House on the announcement of his recall, proves beyond all reasonable doubt how readily it would have consented to emancipation had the Government abstained from opposing it.

Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation were the two great objects of the liberal party in Ireland, and on our opinion of those measures must depend our estimate of their conduct. On some matters they exhibited much want of judgment. On commercial questions they had the same faith in the efficacy of bounties and protection as the Parliament of England. On the question of the Regency they very ill-advisedly separated from the English Parliament, though it must be observed that they adopted the more modest view of Parliamentary power, for they simply denied their right to impose restrictions upon the Regent. The opposition to the Police Bill was perhaps a mistake, but it is not surprising that Parliament should have looked with suspicion on a measure that placed a considerable army and a large department of new patronage under the undivided control of an Executive which had but just granted with extreme reluctance a short Mutiny Bill, which habitually employed its patronage in corruption, and which was suspected with too good reason of an inveterate hostility to parliamentary independence. The rejection of Orde's commercial propositions was more clearly

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. 21 (abridged).<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. 219.<sup>3</sup> Vol. ii. 313.<sup>4</sup> Vol. ii. 410.

defensible, for some of their clauses involved a complete surrender of the right of regulating Irish commerce, which was one of the most valued parts of the Constitution of 1782. That Constitution the Ministers were resolved never fairly to try. Their steady and uniform object was to resist every description of Parliamentary reform, to multiply the agencies of corruption, and thus to make the Constitution wholly illusory. Bill after bill was brought in to reform the absurd constitution of Parliament, to diminish the scandalous pension list, to extend to Ireland the English law restraining revenue officers from voting at elections; but the Government opposed and rejected them. Not content with this, it steadily increased the evil. In a single year sixteen peers were created or promoted, and the pension list increased by 13,000*l.* a year. During Lord Buckingham's administration it considerably exceeded the pension list of England. Numerous new places held by members of Parliament were created. It was stated in the House of Commons in 1789 that there were 110 placemen in that House, and that one-eighth of the revenue of the country was divided among members of Parliament. With an impudent cynicism that has, probably never been equalled in a representative body, Fitzgibbon boasted that half a million had been spent in obtaining an address before, and hinted that an equal or greater sum would be spent again. "The strength of the Government," says Mr. Froude, "was concentrated in resisting reform, because reform, among its other consequences, would have been fatal to the Union." "Every step," wrote the Lord-Lieutenant in the beginning of 1793, "of conciliating the two descriptions of people that inhabit Ireland diminishes the probability of that object to be wished—a union with England."<sup>1</sup>

The peasantry of Munster, in a period of extreme distress, revolted fiercely against the tithes, and many outrages were perpetrated upon tithe-proctors

and Protestant clergymen. The grievance was flagrant and undeniable. How completely the department of crime it produced could be remedied was decisively proved by the Commutation Act in the present century, which almost instantaneously rendered the position of Protestant clergymen in Ireland perfectly secure. Grattan implored the House to legislate on the subject, but the Government, under the guidance of Fitzgibbon, defeated him. Coercion Bills, which Mr. Froude enthusiastically admires, but which Arthur Young described as fit "for the meridian of Barbary," were preferred, and they served still further to exasperate the people. In one of his speeches on this occasion, Fitzgibbon acknowledged in eloquent terms the misery of the peasants, but ascribed it wholly to the landlords, and especially to the absentees. For this speech Mr. Froude describes him as the truest of Irish patriots; but when, a few years later, one bill was brought in to impose a tax on absentees, and another to put a stop to the system of bestowing on them great Irish posts, the Government of which this immaculate patriot was a leading member resisted and defeated them.

Such was the position of the country, and such the policy of the Government, when the French Revolution burst upon the world, bringing with it a wild delirium of democratic enthusiasm that evoked every element of anarchy in Europe. In England, notwithstanding its settled constitution and its ancient freedom, the shock was severely felt. It would be strange indeed if in a country situated like Ireland it had been otherwise. At first, and indeed for several years, the revolutionary party was exclusively among the Presbyterians and free-thinkers of the North, and especially of Belfast; but they soon felt that without the co-operation of the Catholics nothing could be done. Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were the two great objects the United Irishmen placed before them. With most of them they were the real and the only objects, and it was not

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. 73, 103. See, too, Grattan's Life, by his son.

until it became evident that the Government was resolved to resist them to the uttermost that the movement became seditious. There was, however, a party represented by Wolfe Tone, who aimed from the beginning at separation. Mr. Froude triumphs in this fact as a justification of his theory that no reform of Parliament and no relaxation of the Catholic disabilities should have been conceded. It is a fact which has hardly been disputed. What Irish historians, what Irish Liberals and English Whigs have always contended, and what nothing in this book in the slightest degree invalidates, is that the concession of two measures, in themselves eminently righteous and politic, would have reduced this revolutionary party to insignificance, and would have either prevented the rebellion, or at least made it no more formidable than that of 1848. The Catholics would far sooner have obtained the boon from the Parliament than from the Revolution. Passionately attached to their faith, they looked with horror on what was passing in France as on the special manifestation of Anti-christ. Their sympathies were not with Paris, but with La Vendée, and the Catholic nobles and prelates were violently opposed to the United Irishmen. At the same time, the contagion of a great revolution and the presence of an active party offering the Catholics emancipation as the price of adhesion, could not be without its effect. The atmosphere was charged with dangerous elements, and it was quite necessary that something should be done to avert the storm.

I have no space to follow in detail the very tortuous proceedings of the Government on the Catholic question. In 1792 it was hostile to concession. In 1793, as the dangers of the situation increased, it pursued a different course, and a very important bill, comprising among other concessions the grant of the suffrage to Catholics, was carried. Dundas at this time truly described the situation in a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, in which he said, "Had the

franchise been granted a year ago, it would have been enough. Now it will probably not be enough." It was plain that nothing short of Emancipation would be sufficient, and one of the most obvious effects of such a measure would be to increase the influence of the Catholic gentry, who, as a class, were eminently loyal. At last, at the end of 1794, the Cabinet resolved upon a course of conciliation. Lord Fitzwilliam, who was a known supporter of Emancipation, was sent over as Lord-Lieutenant, and Pitt himself allowed Grattan to understand that although Government would not bring forward Emancipation, they would yield to it if proposed. Fitzwilliam understood that he had full discretion to deal with the question. He found the country driven by the corrupt and intolerant policy, and by the insulting language of Fitzgibbon and his party, to the verge of rebellion. In the opinion of Grattan and most of the ablest living Irishmen, Emancipation, followed by Reform, was the only means of averting it. The Parliament, keenly sensible of the dangers of the situation, was perfectly prepared with the support of the Government to pass these bills. Fitzwilliam openly announced his approval, and, with his full assent, Grattan brought in a bill for Emancipation. Fitzgibbon and his clique were furious, but a burst of sudden loyalty and gratitude burst over the land. As far as Ireland was concerned success was assured, and the expectations of the Catholics had deepened into certainty, when the news suddenly arrived that the Lord-Lieutenant was recalled, that his policy was disavowed, and that the Government was resolved to resist Emancipation.

The recall has been variously attributed to the resolution of the King, to the intrigues of Fitzgibbon, and to the vacillation of Pitt. Mr. Froude cordially approves of it, but no fact in Irish history is more certain than that it was the direct cause of the bloody rebellion that ensued. The nation had been excited to the highest point,



and a tremendous revulsion took place. Fitzwilliam had solemnly warned the Ministers that to disappoint the hopes of the Catholics "would be to raise a flame in the country that nothing but the force of arms could keep down." "You are thinking," he wrote, "of a union between the two kingdoms as a good to be expected from deferring the concession. . . . You calculate on confusion arising, from which Union will be welcomed as an escape." Up to this time the priests had kept the Catholics from organized conspiracy, but they now rapidly joined the movement. In the very remarkable memorial which the three United Irish leaders—O'Connor, McNevin, and Emmett—drew up in 1798, describing its history, they said: "Whatever progress this United system had made among the Presbyterians of the North, it had, as we apprehend, made but little way among the Catholics throughout the kingdom until after the recall of Earl Fitzwilliam."<sup>1</sup>

The rebellion could now hardly be averted, and many causes contributed to make it an atrocious one. A war of outrages which gradually assumed a theological character had long raged in Ulster. After some extensive evictions that had taken place, many Catholics accepted tenancies in that province, and bands of ejected Protestant tenants, under the name of Peep of Day Boys, attempted by outrages to drive them from their holdings. The Catholics in their turn associated under the name of Defenders, and they soon rivalled the violence of their adversaries. The most formidable, however, of all were the Orangemen who arose in 1795, and who aimed at nothing less than the complete expulsion of all Catholics from Ulster. "To hell or Connaught" was their favourite command, and it was stated on the best authority that early in 1796 not less than 1,400 families, or at least 5,000 individuals, were driven out. Hundreds of cabins were burnt, and their inmates compelled to fly helpless, homeless, and ruined. According

to the evidence given at a later period before a Parliamentary Committee, from twelve to fourteen Catholic houses were sometimes wrecked in a single night. Lord Gosford, as governor of Armagh, described the state of the country in emphatic terms: "A persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty is now raging in this county. . . . The only crime which the wretched objects of this merciless persecution are charged with is a crime of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible. It is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and immediate banishment."<sup>1</sup> The Catholics, not only in the North, but all over Ireland, were full of terror, and a wild rumour that the Orangemen had sworn an oath to exterminate them was generally believed. It is stated by Irish historians, and I can find no evidence to contradict it, that not a single prosecution was directed against the perpetrators of these outrages. Law, indeed, was thoroughly dislocated, powerless, or partial. The execution of Orr for high treason excited, Mr. Froude tells us with much scorn, "a scream" among liberal newspapers. Mr. Froude does not think it necessary or perhaps advisable to inform his readers that in this case three of the jurors made an affidavit that drink had been introduced into the jury-box, and that under the influence of intoxication and of the intimidation of their brother jurors they had given a verdict which they believed to be false. In Leinster and part of Munster the Catholic peasantry were everywhere arming. Thousands of pikes were manufactured; numerous murders were committed; the press was outrageously incendiary; the air was filled with rumours of invasion or massacre. A sullen, savage spirit was rapidly spreading. The Government

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Froude has not given this very remarkable statement. It will be found at length in Madden's "United Irishmen."

<sup>1</sup> Castlereagh Correspondence, i. 356.

desired to disarm the people, and also, as Lord Castlereagh stated, "to produce a premature explosion of the rebellion." Troops, and especially half-disciplined yeomen, who were often Orangemen and usually actuated by fierce political and religious animosities, were sent to live in free quarters among the peasants, and were guilty of every form of brutal, licentious, and drunken tyranny. Great multitudes suspected of possessing arms were flogged till they almost fainted, in order to compel them to confess. Some were half hanged; many others were tortured with caps lined with burning pitch that were fixed upon their heads. An irresponsible and maddening tyranny penetrated into every humble cottage. The women, while their husbands were at work in the fields, were at the mercy of the yeomen. Numerous houses, and some chapels, where arms were found or suspected, were burnt. Before a shot had been fired in rebellion, Lord Moira, who was a man of unimpeachable character, and who had been an eye-witness of what he describes, declared in Parliament that "thirty houses were sometimes burnt down in a single night;" that this was constantly done on the vaguest suspicion; that he had seen in Ireland "the most disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under," and that, if persevered in, it would inevitably produce universal hatred of the English name. The Duke of Leinster, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and Sir John Moore, fully corroborated his testimony. It is not true, as has been often said, that the free quarters, the floggings, the picketings, and the pitch-caps, were the cause of the Rebellion; but it is undoubtedly true that they drove into it multitudes of poor peasants who were perfectly indifferent to politics, and contributed greatly to give it the character of ferocity it speedily assumed.

Mr. Froude apologizes at length for these atrocities, and is very indignant with Lord Moira, the Duke of Leinster, Grattan, and the English Whigs who predicted that they would drive the people into rebellion; with Sir Ralph

Abercromby, who resigned his command rather than countenance them, and left an emphatic testimony to the licentious conduct of the troops;<sup>1</sup> with Lord Cornwallis, who refused the command of the Irish forces unless some measures were taken to conciliate the Catholics; with Lord Fitzwilliam, who declared that if his policy had been pursued the Rebellion might have been averted; and even with Lord Camden, who complained that the Orangemen were committing "acts of the greatest outrage and barbarity against their Catholic neighbours," and that their combinations justly irritated the Catholics, and were "more dangerous than direct conspiracy."

In the same spirit he writes the history of the Rebellion, studiously aggravating every atrocity that was committed on one side, studiously attenuating or apologizing for every atrocity upon the other. The power of a dramatic historian in this manner to falsify history without any distinct misstatement of facts can hardly be overrated. In a struggle in which both sides committed great atrocities it is only necessary for him to appeal to the passions of his readers by detailed, vivid, and picturesque accounts of the massacres upon one side, while he either suppresses those on the other or dismisses them in a few general, colourless, and apologetical sentences. Lord Macaulay had a still greater power of dramatic writing than Mr. Froude, and he wrote his history with a strong bias in favour of William, but, having a very different sense of the responsibility of an historian, he took care that his picture of the Massacre of Glencoe should be quite as vivid and as powerful as his pictures of the cruelties of Claverhouse. Had Mr. Froude been the historian, it would doubtless have been dismissed in three or four lines with a passing sneer at those "foolish historians" who blamed the Master of Stair for his energy in extirpating thieves. Even from this slight sketch it will appear very evi-

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Moore fully approved of the conduct and subscribed to the judgment of Abercromby. See *Edinburgh Review*, lix.

dent what were the causes of the Rebellion. The scandalous condition of the Parliamentary representation and the resolution of Government to resist every attempt to amend it; the disabilities of four-fifths of the population; the Fitzwilliam episode, when, at a period of extreme national excitement, the cup of deliverance had been raised to the very lips of the Catholics, and then by the act of the English Government dashed suddenly to the ground; the gross injustice of the tithes, the contagion of the French Revolution, the outrages of the Orangemen, the rumours of their intended massacres; the atrocious cruelties of the troops and yeomen which exasperated the peasantry to madness, sufficiently explain it. Mr. Froude prefers to speak of "a treacherous race whom it was no longer possible to bear with," and to describe the Rebellion as the result of constitutional government—"the crimson blossoming of the tree of liberty which had been planted by Grattan in '82." Of the atrocities committed by the rebels during the bloody month when the Rebellion was at its height it is difficult to speak too strongly. The massacre of the North Cork Militia at Prosperous, the most hideous massacre of prisoners at Scullabogue, as well as those at Wexford Bridge and at Vinegar Hill, will always remain indelible stains on the history of Ireland; but an impartial historian would not have forgotten that they were perpetrated by undisciplined men driven to madness by a long course of savage cruelties, and in most cases without the knowledge or approval of their leaders; that from the beginning of the struggle the yeomen rarely gave quarter to the rebels; that with the one horrible exception of Scullabogue the rebels in their treatment of women contrasted most favourably and most remarkably with the troops, and that one of the earliest episodes of the struggle was the butchery near Kildare of 350 insurgents who had surrendered on the express promise that their lives should be spared. No one who has read the sickening catalogue of atrocities perpe-

trated on the loyalist side that are collected in the histories of Gordon and Hay, and in the more recent histories of Mitchell and Madden, will doubt that there is ample room for sensational writing on the other side, and that charges of this description may be very fairly divided. It would have been better to have allowed these scenes to fade away from the popular recollection. If an historian thought it right to reproduce them—to stir up recollections which he knows must arouse the most vindictive and pernicious passions in Ireland—it was his duty to relate them with rigid impartiality, to abstain from all language that would create needless irritation, and to describe with proportionate emphasis the crimes and the extenuations of each party. Mr. Froude has not done so. No candid person who reads his book with a competent knowledge of the subject will fail to perceive that it has no more claim to impartiality than an election squib, that the furious party spirit of its author does much more than colour his narrative of facts, and that he has written with an apparently deliberate intention of reviving animosities between classes and creeds. One of the worst of the many bad effects of this book will certainly be the production in Ireland of a whole literature relating to those massacres of a kind that every well-wisher of the empire would deprecate. The number of the insurgents who perished in a rebellion that in its intensity only lasted a single month has been estimated by Plowden and other historians at 50,000. If, making full allowance for exaggeration, we reduce the number by half or by two-thirds, it will still appear sufficiently frightful, especially when we remember that Gordon, a Protestant clergyman, who has written the fairest and most moderate account of the Rebellion, and who was an eyewitness of much that he related, has left his deliberate opinion that more than half of these were slain in cold blood. A Quaker lady, whose homely and touching journal furnishes one of the truest pictures of those sad times,

tells us with a ghastly simplicity that "for several months there was no sale for bacon cured in Ireland, from the well-founded dread of the hogs having been fed upon the flesh of men."<sup>1</sup> Few rebellions indeed have either been more scandalously provoked, or more savagely suppressed.

A main object of the book is to throw upon the Catholics the chief guilt of the Rebellion. That it became in a great degree a religious war in Wexford is true, but the causes are not difficult to discover. The atrocities of the Orangemen in the North; the rumours, universally spread and very generally believed, that they had sworn to exterminate the Catholics; the presence of numerous Orangemen in the yeoman regiments in Wexford, and the burning of many Catholic chapels, contributed to make it so: and besides this, men in a deadly struggle will readily enlist in their cause any passion of which they can avail themselves. At the same time, it is certain that the movement was begun and organized entirely by Protestants; that until the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam it continued to be mainly Protestant; that even in Wexford, Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman, was at first the leader of the insurgents; that of the thirteen Leinster delegates who were arrested in Dublin in the beginning of 1798, two only were Catholics; and that, according to the estimate of Madden, among the leaders of the United Irishmen through the whole Rebellion, the Catholics were only as one to four. Connaught never threw itself really into the movement. In Munster the Catholic peasantry showed perfect loyalty during the French expedition to Bantry Bay, and gave every assistance to the loyalists. The militiamen who fell at Prosperous in the service of the Government were mainly Catholics, and no Catholic prelate, scarcely any considerable Catholic gentleman, was mixed up in the Rebellion. The ablest and one of the most ferocious of the rebel leaders was no doubt Father John Murphy. "After forty-five years of hitherto inoffensive

life," writes Mr. Froude, "he had become possessed with the 'Irish idea.'" Perhaps it would have elucidated the nature of this "Irish idea" had Mr. Froude thought fit to inform his readers that this priest had no connection with the United Irishmen, and even used his influence against them, till he had seen his chapel, his house, and the houses of many of his parishioners burnt by the yeomen. Then, and not till then, he threw himself into the struggle.<sup>1</sup> Sir John Moore, who took a leading part in suppressing the Rebellion, was accustomed to speak with burning indignation of the cruelties perpetrated on the people, both before it began and while it was in progress. "Moderate treatment," he said, "by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity; and the latter would certainly be quiet if the gentlemen and yeomen would only behave with tolerable decency. . . their harshness and violence had originally driven the farmers and peasants to revolt."<sup>2</sup>

The steady humanity of the English Whigs during this period of sanguinary fury forms one of the noblest pages in their history. They uniformly opposed the cruelties that were committed in the name of the law, and by their influence Lord Cornwallis was sent over as Viceroy on a mission of conciliation. His despatches vividly display the mingled horror and pity with which a humane man would naturally look upon the situation. He complained that "numberless murders are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever;" that the yeomen, though they "have saved the country, now take the lead in rapine and murder," and that the system of martial law was atrociously abused. He declared with perfect truth that the rebellion was originally Jacobin; that a large part of its ferocity was distinctly traceable to the

<sup>1</sup> So it is stated in the Memoirs of Miles Byrne, one of the Wexford rebels.

<sup>2</sup> See Sir W. Napier's very remarkable account of Sir John Moore, *Edinburgh Review*, lix.

<sup>1</sup> Leadbeater Papers.

floggings and pitch-caps of the troops; and that the essential evil of Ireland was the detestable system of ascendancy which saturated the Protestant minority with all the vices of slaveholders, and the Catholic majority with all the vices of slaves. Very different are the judgments of Mr. Froude. Towards the English liberal party he shows his usual intensity of hatred. For Cornwallis and his delicate sensibilities he is blandly contemptuous. He is indignant at the suspension of martial law, and he hints very intelligibly his characteristic regret that the whole rebel army which yielded at Vinegar Hill was not put to the sword.

With the Rebellion of 1798 Mr. Froude draws his book somewhat abruptly to a close, and he throws little or no light on the transactions of the Union. If that measure did not produce all the effects that were expected from it, this was mainly due to two causes—that it was passed in complete disregard of the real wishes of the Irish people, and that it was unaccompanied by Catholic Emancipation. In Mr. Froude's judgment it is a superstition to suppose that the wishes of the governed should be consulted by the governors, and Catholic Emancipation, though it might be a necessity, would always be an evil.

A few miscellaneous illustrations may be given, in conclusion, of the temper, accuracy, and consistency of this book. Burke, as we all know, spent the best part of his life in England; his friends and connections were mainly English; the enthusiastic and often exaggerated warmth of his admiration was one of the most notorious of his characteristics, and his works are richer than probably any others of the eighteenth century in glowing portraits of the great English statesmen and orators of his time: but because Burke formed a low estimate of the naval talents of Rodney, we are assured that he was actuated by "an instinctive Irish dislike of distinguished Englishmen." The imputation, as everyone who has the smallest knowledge of the matter must be aware, is utterly desti-

tute not only of truth but of plausibility, and it can have been made with no other object than that of gratuitous and deliberate insult. In an age of great and general venality the character of Grattan, according to Mr. Froude's own confession, was wholly free from any taint of corruption, and it must be added that few statesmen have sacrificed more to their loyalty. His position after the triumph of 1782 was one of the most enviable that can be conceived, but he at once wrecked his popularity rather than support measures which he believed to be dangerous to the connection or humiliating to England. On these grounds, he refused to support the popular demand for an express renunciation by England of her authority over the Irish Parliament. On these grounds he opposed the reduction of the army in 1783, maintaining that Ireland should contribute her full share to the support of the empire. In 1807 he encountered violent unpopularity by supporting a stringent Coercion Bill on the ground that by such a measure alone could the anarchical elements of the country be repressed. He was unwearied in urging his countrymen not to cultivate "an alien or suspicious habit with regard to Great Britain," and in dissuading them from that friendship with France which he described with some exaggeration as the curse of Ireland. Though a sincere and devoted Whig, he broke away from his party at three different periods of his life, because they opposed a French war, or because he maintained that they suffered party motives to interfere with the undivided support that in a great foreign struggle should be given to the Government. Yet Grattan is described in one place as "a political adventurer;" in another as actuated by "the instinctive and indelible longing of an Irish patriot for the humiliation of Great Britain;" in a third, as so enamoured with "a state of anarchy," that he "regarded measures for the promotion of order as an assault upon national independence." Making every allowance for the antipathy Mr. Froude must naturally feel for a statesman who de-



voted a long life and a great genius to the cause of civil and religious liberty, to assuaging the animosity of sects, and to infusing a spirit of humanity into legislation, surely so grotesque a travesty of history exceeds (to adopt his own phrase) "the permitted license of a partisan." One of the consequences actually produced, we are told, by liberal measures has been "the obliteration of the Protestants in Ireland as a political power in the country. The Protestants are less than one-fourth of the Irish people." At the very time when Mr. Froude sent this assertion into the world, 53 of the 103 members, and considerably more than three-fourths of the magistrates of Ireland, were Protestants. In one place we have long denunciations of the ingratitude of the Irish Catholics and of the folly of those who imagine "that the Irish temperament can be conquered by generosity:" in another we are told of "the passionate attachment with which the Celt never fails to reward the master who treats him with kindness and justice." In one place we are met with the unqualified and insulting assertion that "all Irish patriots would have accepted greedily any tolerable appointment from the Government:" in another we are told of Grattan that "had he consented to a compromise he could not have named a reward too high for Rockingham and Portland to have thrust upon him." In one place we are assured that "no Irish Catholic either is, was, or ever will be a loyal subject of a British Protestant king:" in another we are told that the members of the police force (which is crowded with Catholics) "are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race." In writing of his friends Mr. Froude is so admirably charitable, that when Fitzgibbon, in his duel with Curran (to whom he always showed an implacable hatred), was observed to aim with peculiar deliberation, it is ingeniously suggested that this may have been "to make sure of doing him no serious harm." Of the candour and the charity with which he treats his oppo-

nents it is sufficient to say that he scarcely ever mentions the efforts of a Catholic nobleman or bishop in suppressing crime or supporting the Government without an insinuation that they were half-hearted, hypocritical, or interested; that when he has occasion to describe an Irish politician as emphatically honest, he is careful to add that his Irish birth was "a freak of nature," and that he habitually labels the most atrocious crimes he recounts as "Irish ideas."

A writer of English history who took the *Newgate Calendar* as the most faithful expression of English ideas, and English murderers as the typical representatives of their nation, would not be regarded with unqualified respect. There is one consideration, however, which can hardly fail to strike the readers of Mr. Froude. He describes Ireland in the palmy days of the penal laws and of Protestant ascendancy as an absolute Pandemonium. If we accept his judgment, we must believe that murder and riot, the ravishing of women, the houghing of cattle, the mutilation of Protestant clergymen, the "carding" of tithe-proctors, were the habitual employments of the people. He at the same time intimates very clearly that he considers the whole course of liberal legislation for Ireland steadily wrong. The effect of so long a regimen of poisons operating on a body so profoundly diseased must be admitted to be remarkable. The abductions and mutilations of cattle, which are represented as the most prominent of "Irish ideas," have passed even out of the memory of the people. Outrages against Protestant clergymen have for more than a generation been almost absolutely unknown. Agrarian crime has sunk to very small proportions, and although in a country which is purely agricultural, and in which most business transactions relate to land, it can hardly be expected altogether to cease, it is rapidly losing its organized character. In three provinces, and the greater part of the fourth, Protestants and Catholics are living in perfect peace and tolerable friendship, and it is only in Belfast and a few

neighbouring towns that the religious animosities which in this book Mr. Froude has laboured so earnestly to revive, disturb the tranquillity of the community. A general election produces in Ireland hardly more riot than in England. The social and economical conditions of the country are steadily improving, and life and property are perfectly secure. The indisputable evidence of statistics proves that the average of crime is considerably lower than in England, and the judges in the most populous towns are usually able to congratulate the grand juries on the almost complete absence of serious offences. If the attitude of the Catholic priests on educational questions is more arrogant and domineering than of old, this is not due to purely Irish causes, but is part of a change in the spirit of the Church which is equally felt in Switzerland, in

Austria, and in Brazil. If the Home Rule theory brings with it much embarrassment to English statesmen, it is at least a theory which is within the limits of the Constitution, which is supported by means that are perfectly loyal and legitimate, and which, like every other theory, must be discussed and judged upon its merits. If there is unhappily a considerable though diminishing amount of disloyalty still smouldering in certain classes of the people, this is the very natural result of many generations of agitation and misgovernment. It would have almost subsided but for the too successful efforts of writers, on both sides of the Channel, to counteract by incessant irritants the healing measures of the last few years—to envenom old wounds and rekindle the embers of old hatreds.

W. E. H. LECKY.